MAR - 6 1961

HISTORY

New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LXI · No. 1561 FRIDAY · 10 FEBRUARY 1961 NINEPENCE

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Showdown in Central Africa

THE crisis in Central Africa, which has been forming ever since federation was imposed against the wishes of the African majority, has now come to a head. The original justification of federation to the British public – the creation of a viable economic unit, eventually to be governed on multi-racial lines – ignored the realities of Africa. It became apparent from the moment its constitution was drafted that the Federation would be a white supremacy state, run on the lines of Southern Rhodesia, unless or until the gradual extension of political rights to Africans in the constituent territories enabled them to secede and so disengage themselves from the permanent European domination which the federal constitution imposed on them.

In 1959 the British government – which still has a decisive voice in the two northern territories and which had imposed federation upon them – made a radical change in policy. During his tour of Africa, Mr Macmillan recognised the wind of change and decided to come to terms with the African nationalists. Mr Macleod was given fresh instructions, and the new policy was first implemented in Nyasaland, where Africans were awarded a controlling majority in the Legislative Council. Sir Roy Welensky, the Federal Premier, decided to bow to this – there are only 7,500 whites in Nyasaland and the economic value of the territory is negligible. He determined to make his real stand over Northern Rhodesia, for three reasons. First, the Copperbelt is the economic centre of gravity of the whole Federation; if Northern Rhodesia fell into African hands and seceded, Southern Rhodesia would become a poor white state. Secondly, the territory has over 75,000 whites; if the principle were once established that they must submit to African majority rule, then it must in logic be applied eventually to the 200,000 whites of Southern Rhodesia. Thirdly, the certainty of secession by an African-controlled Northern Rhodesian legislature would mean the break-up of the Federation; and Sir Roy's own political future is closely bound up with the survival of the federal government.

But the British government is similarly impelled by logic. If African majority rule is conceded in Nyasaland, it cannot be denied in Northern Rhodesia. Mr Macleod has accepted this logic. Although he favours an interim stage in which the balance of power would be temporarily held by permanent officials, his solution plainly embodies the principle of an African majority. Indeed, no compromise in principle is any longer available. Sir Roy – however extreme he may appear to British opinion – is in fact a white moderate by Rhodesian standards. He has already taken a considerable political risk by accepting, this week, constitutional changes in Southern Rhodesia which give a token element of power to Africans. For this he has been sharply denounced by his opponents on the right, the Dominion Party.

What, then, is likely to happen? If Mr Macmillan decides to give in to Sir Roy, he risks Mr Macleod's resignation. He is also faced with the certainty of African violence, which would affect the hard-won peace in East Africa and damage Britain's new progressive image in the UN. On the other hand, if Macmillan backs Macleod, Sir Roy may be broken – or driven to join forces with the true white extremists. This could produce white violence, or even a military *coup*. It is not impossible that Southern Rhodesia would declare its independence, and invite Northern Rhodesia to join her. Sir Roy possesses six battalions of troops and an air force; in the short run, his physical resources are considerable.

Nevertheless Mr Macmillan has little alternative but to stand firm. Prompt and resolute action by Britain may well succeed in calling the white extremists' bluff. In any case, the entire history of decolonisation in Africa shows that for the parent government to yield to settler pressure is invariably costly – not least to the settlers themselves . The next few days at Lancaster House are crucial. It would be fatal to yield to the illusion that Welensky can any longer be bought off.

Comments on the Week's News

Washington

Dollars and Deflation

An Economic Correspondent writes: Mr Kennedy's message about gold may appear technical and involved, but it foreshadows a change of economic direction almost as marked as that which followed Roosevelt's inauguration in 1933. The dollar crisis, which the Eisenhower regime made much of in its last months, has been exaggerated: America's economic impact on the rest of the world is still deflationary because it continues to absorb current income from abroad. Last year exports were $5,800 million higher than imports. It was the outflow of US private capital, not current accounts, which tilted the balance in the last few years, and the exchange of gold for assets overseas is no excuse for deflation at home.

Mr Kennedy's advisers have resisted the temptation to 'cure' the drain of gold by either an increase in protection or a cut in aid to the poorer areas. Though the main depository of gold is now West Germany and the Common Market countries, rather than Fort Knox, the real problem is that international liquidity is linked to that gold nexus – thus putting pressure on the poorer countries because liquidity is not keeping pace with the expansion of trade. This raises the question of some reform of the International Monetary Fund, possibly by its conversion into an international central bank capable of creating additional reserves as the need arises and of offsetting destructive and confidence-sapping flights of capital.

The point is underlined by the experience of the fund in the last few years, under the direction of Dr Per Jacobsen, which has hit the poorer economies hard. In Argentina, at the prompting of the Fund, President Frondizi devalued the peso, cut spending and imposed draconic credit restrictions. The result was that national income fell by ten per cent, wages by as much as 30 per cent, and the inequality of income increased as luxury spending and easier imports were permitted. Frondizi is now faced by a popular reaction. Mr Menderes of Turkey was another leader who took the Fund's deflationary advice – with painful consequences – and both Chile and Spain have latterly had the same guidance. In none of these countries has a stabilisation programme been linked to a planned investment, which would at least have held out the promise of improvement.

Education

The Salary Case

An Educational Correspondent writes: Next Wednesday at the unanimous request of the teachers' panel the Burnham Committee will meet to hear a claim for a new salary scale. The National Union of Teachers is asking for a scale beginning at £700 and rising to £1,300 after ten years, to be introduced as soon as possible. The present scale, in operation since October 1959, begins at £520 and rises to £1,700 after 17 years. From next April it will apply to both sexes, for the graduation to equal pay will then be complete.

The immediate cause for this claim was the government's decision last December to raise the starting pay for a policeman to £600, with back-dating to September. Sir Ronald Gould, secretary of the NUT, pointed out that the £520 minimum for teachers began after three years training, and that unlike the increases of other public servants theirs are never back-dated. The unfavourable comparison goes further. A policeman receives a free uniform, and a boot allowance of three shillings a week; a plain-clothes constable gets 12s 6d clothing allowance; and all policemen either have free quarters or, where these are not available, a payment for rent and rates up to 62s 6d a week. Police pensions, moreover, are more generously calculated. A policeman can get a full pension at 50, whereas the earliest a teacher can get a pension is 60; and there is an optional widows and pension scheme for the police – something that the teachers have sought for years.

This week representatives of all the main teaching associations have been putting their case for such a scheme to the spokesmen of the local education authorities, supporting it with a petition signed by 200,000 teachers. One of their strongest arguments is the position of teachers in lower-grade posts: about 45 per cent of all teachers are on the basic rate, even though the remainder get supplements for having a degree or holding posts of special responsibility. Those on the lowest rate are not always new recruits. They are often men and women in small country schools, doing a valuable job, who may have little chance of moving up into higher grades.

Royal Tour

Hold That Tiger?

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes*: The Queen's personal excitement in India was communicated to everyone. The royal smile is the cameraman's stock-in-trade, but no lens can create the spontaneity which came through Indian press photographs.

The build-up for the visit had been done more elaborately than for any other VIP tourist. *Illustrated Weekly of India* devoted an issue to the UK covering the lives of the Queen and the Duke, customs and traditions of parliament, the judiciary, the lights of Blackpool, trade unions, universities, sport, the new Bible, contemporary art – and a whole page for E. M. Forster. *Link*, which models its style on *Time* magazine, covered the ground, but made a brave effort to avoid enthusiasm. It described preparations in Delhi as 'an indecent face-lift, shocking in its irrational expensiveness. The truth behind this inordinate theatricality that characterises the preparations for the reception of the British Queen is that a considerable section of the ruling middle class in this country still has in Britain its chief source of cultural and economic inspiration'.

For once, the Queen was well advised. As this journal had advocated, she saw something of the human side of India, learnt a little Hindi (as she did Urdu in Pakistan) and walked amongst the crowds. The tour was not all ceremonies and factories, but included visits to the National Gallery of Modern Art, the Lady Irwin College and the Cottage Industries Emporium, the mecca of every woman visitor to Delhi. This is where a woman has an advantage as a VIP. Who can imagine Krushchev or Eisenhower expressing the Queen's feminine delight with her present of a seven-yard length of the Tanchhoi sari woven in Surat, a reproduction of a 300-year old design?

And that famous tiger shoot? The adverse reactions headlined in the *Daily Mirror* and expressed in this journal and the *Daily Herald* won no sympathy. The *Indian Express* editorially described the British critics as 'wholly out of touch with general Indian opinion. To insinuate that a tiger hunt would remind us of the days of British rule and that it should have been avoided at all costs is to verge on the ridiculous. In fact, independent India prides itself on having retained much that was worth keeping when India was under alien rule. Today there is no ban on tiger-hunting on the ground of it being "the very symbol of former colonialism". It is regarded as a sport and often a necessity.'

The *Free Press Journal* commented: 'The British press, in rushing to the aid of the tiger and the defenceless goat . . . has demonstrated that man's best friend is really the beast . . . No one seriously thinks that if the British monarch mounts a "machan" and watches her husband take a shot at a tiger, they bring down the Commonwealth with that fatal shot. As to reviving the past, we have still a few Maharajas who indulge in the sport, and the clock of history cannot be set backwards by one tiger hunt in which Windsor joins Jaipur . . . No one grudges them their fun!'

In Pakistan this week, where the press is equally welcoming, it is none the less being whispered that hunting and shooting in this man-run country play too big a part in the programme. As *The Times* correspondent comments, 'an opportunity both to show her something of women's role here and perhaps to give a fillip to the slow progress of emancipation has been lost'. The only real criticism that has so far appeared – and that in *The Times of India* – concerns the Queen's political comments on basic democracy. She may, however, expect some more if those who write her speeches in Nepal condone the King's dismissal of parliament and the arrest of B.P. Koirala and other Congress leaders who are still in custody.

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Oxford

Discipline and Democracy

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes*: Though senior members of the university have been preoccupied with the poetry election this week, the row about the *Isis* has been forced on their attention. For the proctors' censorship of the series of reviews of lectures has become something more than an argument about good taste in undergraduate journalism.

A good many dons are critical both of the manner of the proctors' action – which is alleged to have violated university protocol – and of the action itself, and one group of critics has this week publicly declared its opposition. The more interesting development, however, is among the undergraduates, who are now being asked to support a representative council which could express their views to the senior members in Congregation.

Though the *Isis* articles were provocatively intended to attract attention, they made a perfectly fair point: there is dissatisfaction among undergraduates about the teaching system in general and lectures in particular. And when they evoked yet another of the rows with the proctors that have been a pattern for the last three years, it was felt that some more effective means of protest was needed than to pass resolutions in the political clubs. This week, therefore, with the support of several presidents of JCRs, the presidents of the Conservative, Liberal and Labour clubs, all the university magazine editors and the president, treasurer and librarian of the Union, a formal proposal has been made to set up an undergraduate council.

If this meets with sufficient support a meeting will be called next week to establish a body of this kind, which would express undergraduate opinion on such diverse matters as university regulations, teaching methods, the provision of lodgings and library facilities. The idea is that it should be composed of the president and one other member from each JCR, the editors of the principal undergraduate publications, and the presidents of the political clubs.

This would still be an indirect form of democracy, but it would be a beginning. And, as it is modestly proposed that it should meet only twice a term, and should have power merely to make recommendations to the senior members with whom it would discuss matters of common interest, it may succeed in getting fairly wide approval. The winds of change are beginning to blow even through Oxford.

Westminster

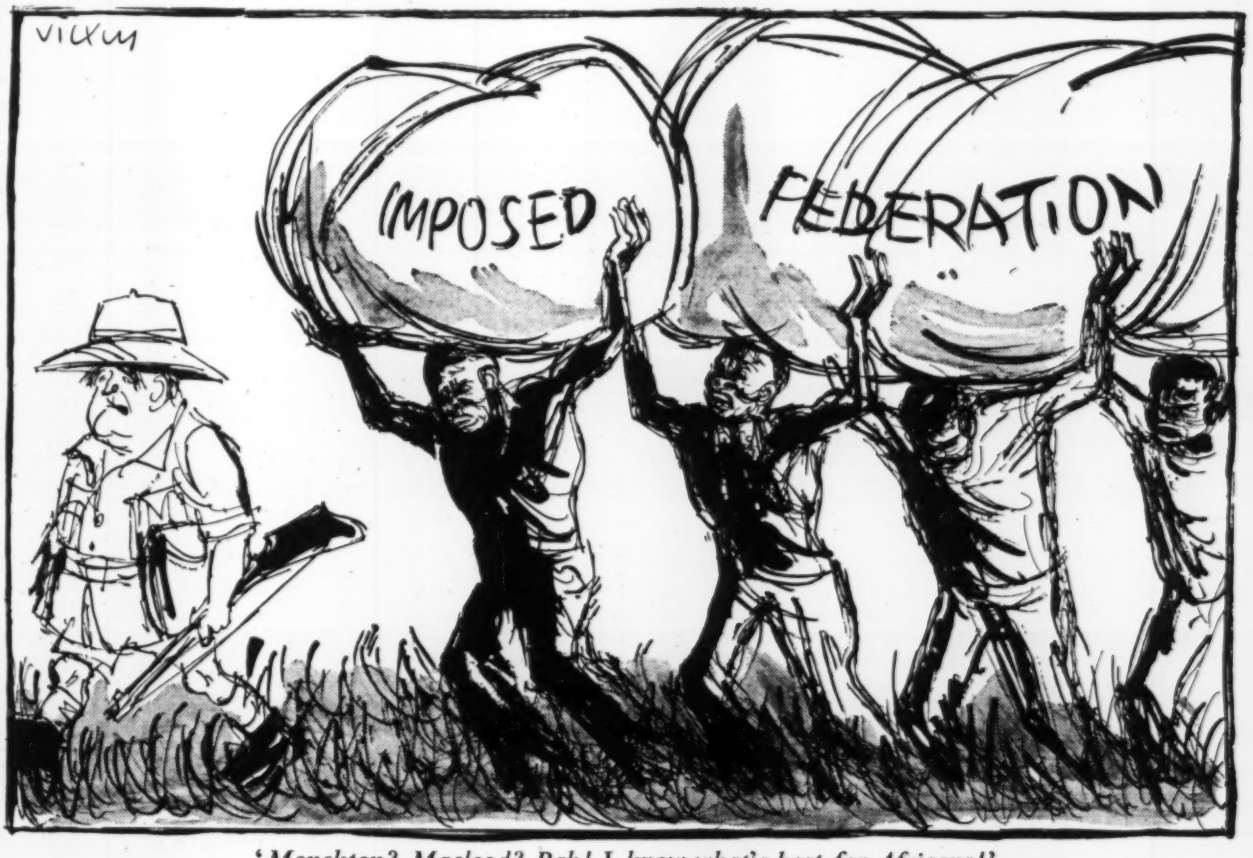
MacTarnish and the New World

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: Macwonder, said Mr Harold Wilson in winding up this week's economic debate, has become MacTarnish; and indeed the Prime Minister's stock has sagged. So long as the ageing and ailing Eisenhower was in charge of the United States, it was easy to sustain a picture of Macmillan, if not as the *de facto* leader of the West, at least as the wise intermediary, gently fluttering his hands until warring factions subsided. But with the arrival of President Kennedy, Macmillan is beginning to look, on the world stage, like a pretentious and rather pitiful elderly gent who has seen better days.

Robbed of his international glamour, he has crept down from the mystical heights and entered again the domestic scene by the back door where his footman, Mr Selwyn Lloyd, was waiting to let him in. Here he is finding not only that a flutter of hands is just as ineffective as it was in international affairs, but also that more people immediately realise that it is ineffective. True a quick act with hire-purchase has helped the motor industry to revive somewhat – it's a three-day week now instead of two-and-a-half – but the economy as a whole continues slow-moving. Our expansion during the past ten years has been a mere two per cent a year compared with Germany's ten per cent. Exports continue poor. It has not been enough for the Prime Minister merely to tell industrialists that exporting is fun.

In these circumstances there is more restiveness now in the Tory party than at any time since the months immediately following Suez. Mr Maurice Macmillan, the only member of the family who is still outside the act, called for better leadership, a call which was echoed by a succession of Tory speakers in the debate; and Lord Lambton made an onslaught on Macmillan in the *Evening Standard* which, if a Socialist had made it on Gaitskell, would have been good for ten years in the salt mines.

What do these Tory dissidents mean when they call for leadership? They mean increased charges for the social services – Lord Hinchingbrooke declaimed that Mr Enoch Powell's health service charges were not steep enough and further urged Sir David Eccles to impose a 5s a week charge on every child in a state school. They also mean decreased taxation, especially surtax, so that brains may have their just reward and also the incentive to fight for foreign markets. In this latter demand they have an ally in Mr Woodrow Wyatt, even though, under pressure from his



'Monckton? Macleod? Pah! I know what's best for Africans!'

leader, he postponed his bill to reduce surtax until the economic debate was out of the way.

The Prime Minister, however, is a politician. Whatever his personal inclinations may be, he knows that to reduce surtax – which benefits the well-to-do – at the moment when he is putting charges on the Health Service – which hit the poor – will provide useful ammunition to the Opposition. Therefore he hesitates. He plays with the idea of some capital gains tax. Could he get something that would look well, as a counterbalancing measure to surtax reduction, but mean little? He flutters his hands over the idea; and while he hovers, his supporters burn.

All this is happening at a time when the Parliamentary Labour Party is recovering its form. The spectacle of one's opponents in trouble is always heartening; but Labour's revival is more firmly based than that. There is, first of all, a growing conviction that tearing one's friends to bits over defence, a subject which we cannot hope to influence for some years and which by then may have radically changed in complexion, is a wasteful pastime. Equally important, the wide range of subjects on which Labour agrees – race equality, the folly of the Homicide Act, the increasing danger of concentrations and monopoly in industry, the need for economic planning, the need to defend the Welfare State, are being thrust under Labour noses, not only by government action but also by the Kings, the Cottons and the Clores.

These subjects are centrifugal forces pulling for Labour unity. Unlike defence they are subjects on which Labour spokesmen, even in Opposition, not only feel strongly but have expert knowledge. So it has been that when Mr Reginald Paget, Mr Sidney Silverman and Mr Harold Wilson – none of them politically acceptable in recent years to the bulk of the parliamentary party – raise successively race discrimination, a possible miscarriage of justice and the stagnation of the economy – they have been backed this week by a united and enthusiastic party. I can give you an even better idea of how far this feeling has gone by telling you that Mr Ellis Smith and Mr Harold Davies were several times heard to say 'Hear, hear!' when Mr Anthony Crosland was speaking. Defence debates loom ahead; but maybe the new party spirit will be strong enough to be proof even against them.

Science

The Quaking Earth

NIGEL CALDER *writes*: When the churches of Lisbon fell on the worshippers, Christendom was rocked and Voltaire wrote *Candide*; the recent disasters at Agadir and in Chile have prompted international action better calculated to help those who live in the earthquake zones. They have also lent new importance to the programme of worldwide scientific study of the subterranean forces which build mountains and continents and in the process tear the crust of the earth in such dangerous jerks. One day there may be an effective 'early warning' seismograph system to sound the alarm for incipient earthquakes. But certainly not until we understand more deeply just how earthquakes happen – and deeply is the word.

Next month an American oil-drilling barge called *Cuss I* will begin an attempt, in water more than two miles deep off the Mexican coast, to drill a hole several hundred feet into the ocean bed. The main purpose is to prove the drilling techniques recently developed, which, it is reckoned, should make it possible in the next few years to drill a hole – the Mohole – clean through the earth's crust to the primaeval rocks of the underlying mantle. Beneath the oceans the crust thins to about three miles, which is why the Americans are putting to sea. The Russians have been talking about a very deep drilling through the much thicker crust under the land.

The Mohole gets its name from the Mohorovicic discontinuity, the region where earthquake waves, pushing and shaking their way through the earth, suddenly change speed, corresponding to a change from the familiar rocks of the crust to something different – the stuff of the mantle. It is most important, for theoretical and practical reasons, to get hold of some of that stuff and find out what it is, because the upheavals and rifts, earthquakes and volcanoes which occur 'up top' originate in ponderous events in the upper mantle.

But a hole is only one way to study the mantle, and it just scratches the surface. Seismologists, who have long been using earthquake waves as a kind of 'X-rays' for the earth's interior are now going to concentrate on the top 400 miles of the mantle. During the coming years the earth scientists want to get to the root of the problem, sweep away conflicting theories and understand earthquakes. Then early warning may come – though never, I think, any means of stopping earthquakes or eruptions.

Meanwhile people live in the earthquake zones. Many of them are trying to develop their cities and industries. But you cannot thoughtlessly put up a dam or a nuclear power station, or even a steel works, if there is a chance it will be wrecked. Very properly, the UN Economic and Social Council wants something done about earthquakes now, not ten years hence. Unesco is responding.

The fact is that, as with so many skills, there is a huge gulf between anti-earthquake practice in the advanced and the underdeveloped countries. Even in the most active seismic areas, there are plenty of places where major earth movements are very unlikely. But only by thorough mapping of the faults in the crust can they be pin-pointed with confidence. In Japan, the US and the Soviet Union such work is well advanced; but in many of the earthquake regions it has hardly begun.

In about three months time, Unesco, in consultation with the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics, is going to send a mission to the seismic areas of the Far East, from New Zealand to Japan. Another will visit South America a few months later, and early next year a third will trek from Morocco to Iran. Each mission will consist of an earthquake geologist, and expert in seismological techniques and an engineer specialising in the design of quakeproof buildings. They will collect full information on the state of anti-earthquake science in the region, to show what are the big gaps that can be filled by advice and aid.

At present, the Americans are offering to re-equip seismic stations in other countries with modern instruments, in return for a look at the records they will provide. What could give a far greater boost to seismology would be the establishment of the worldwide network of seismic control posts envisaged in the Geneva talks on the 'discontinuance' of nuclear weapons tests. The arguments about how to distinguish tremors from earthquakes or underground explosions have shown up weaknesses in present-day seismology, which are now being remedied by the development of sophisticated seismograph systems and by tests with chemical explosions – such as those now planned in the English Channel by the Aldermaston establishment. If all these quite different lines of research continue as expected, earthquakes may lose much of their terror.

Fleet Street

The Seventh-day Telegraph

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* Mr Michael Berry, a saturnine, intensely shy man, has been actively connected with newspapers for much longer than the ebullient Beaver was when in 1921 he launched the *Sunday Express*. Mr Berry also made a much better job of the first issue of the *Sunday Telegraph*. The Beaver nowadays recalls with rumbustious nostalgia the story of his early struggles, but the problems would have defeated a weaker character. For it was at least seven years before the corner was turned, and still longer before the *Sunday Express*, under the editorship of John Gordon, achieved a 'popular' circulation.

Not even the combined power of all the Press Lords could carry a seven-year load under today's conditions; indeed Mr Berry has been optimistic enough to say on TV that he expects to be making a profit six months hence, after the initial £250,000 promotion expenditure has been absorbed.

The first *Sunday Telegraph* was, like all new publications, lush with advertising, and no doubt succeeding issues will repeat the pattern. All that is in doubt for the next month or two is whether the initial curiosity sale will substantially solidify: my newsagent took 156 copies and sold all but three, mostly at the expense of the sensational papers and not the *Times*, *Observer* or *Express*. There seems to be no reason why the *Telegraph's* guaranteed 500,000 should not be achieved. But that, I submit, would constitute failure.

I take the view that Mr Berry made a worthy, if unspectacular start. Considering the fact that there is a scarcity of outstanding newspapermen – are there no *teaching* editors left? – he produced a workmanlike seventh-day *Daily Telegraph*. No more, no less; and it is pointless to claim that there is real difference between the two papers.

The *Sunday's* news headlines are set in Caledonia type – how unwild and unnewsy! – the contents are jiggled about with, the leader-page is rather more modern in approach and projection than the parent paper. But otherwise, the *Sunday Telegraph* is the seventh-day child, even to Egon Ronay's indefatigable dining-out column ('Cabbage may drag you down socially, but . . .! Closed on Mondays – Open Sundays.')

This similarity should, in fact, be a bull point for the *Sunday Telegraph*. But is it? The success of the *Daily Telegraph* is based on printing a record of all the news soberly and unsensationally – it is the paper that many people would choose to have if they were marooned on a desert island. The *Sunday Telegraph* cannot rely on this formula because, as I know from the experience of my *Sunday Express* days, there is precious little news to record on at least 45 out of the 52 Saturdays of each year.

The problem facing Mr Donald McLachlan, the editor who will be in day-to-day charge, is this: on Friday nights the sources

of news dry up; parliament adjourns, the Law Courts close, Whitehall's PRO's move out, the Stock Exchange tickers are silent, and even those mainstays of the national press, the local correspondents, who live by selling the news of their districts at so much a line, relax in the pub over a few extra beers. It has to be big news to get coverage on Friday nights. It has to be even bigger on Saturday afternoons, when there is much more to be earned by covering football matches than by waiting around on the off-chance of a murder or a bank robbery or a fire. And this is not an exclusive British phenomenon; all over the world nowadays the news dies at week-ends.

As Mr McLachlan wants to 'give a larger proportion of his space than other Sundays to succinct reporting,' what is he to do? He fell back last Sunday on what Fleet Street calls 'timeless wonders' or 'think pieces', which are stories unrelated to the previous day's happenings. Thus on his second main news page, Mr McLachlan's splash story began with the words 'What is happening in Bournemouth?' Another story announced: 'Strip-tease clubs in London are unlikely to be eliminated by the new Licensing Act'; while a third began: 'What is the odd black eye among friends, asks Captain James Armstrong.'

As if sensing his vulnerability, Mr McLachlan carried no news at all between Page One and Page 15; and on the next three pages I counted before I wearied 14 headlined items in the 'timeless wonder' category. Thus the first issue of the *Sunday Telegraph* lived up to its claim that it is 'the paper you can finish,' because there was a lot of news one did not need to read – but on that account it did not altogether live up to its other claim that it is 'the paper that will satisfy.'

I believe that news, above all, sells morning, evening and local newspapers; but experience teaches that, to hold their own, the Sundays must rely on big features and ideas. The week-end is the time for reminiscence, for opinion-making journals such as those in the NEW STATESMAN category, for contemplative discussion of the world and the flesh and lively talk about the arts. In the *Telegraph* I was more interested in the snappy opinion paragraphs called 'To the Point'; in Peregrine Worsthorne's thoughtful and coherent political column (although it scarcely justified McLachlan's proud claim 'that British connoisseurs who say there is no political reporting outside Washington will have to think again'); and in Alan Brien's theatre-column declaration that 'the critic should be first of all a reporter' than by the barren inside newspages.

There are other problems facing the new paper – for instance, does the public really appreciate restricted paging? And will the *Sunday Telegraph* be able to resist publishing a 40-page paper when it really gets under way? But the fundamental one is its features policy. Already the *Sunday Times* has shrewdly purchased Field Marshal Alexander's reminiscences for exploding on the critical *third* week of the new paper's life. If I were Mr Berry I should reply in kind.

The End of Labour's Nightmare?

Two events occurred last week which could bring Labour's internal dispute to an end: Mr Enoch Powell's announcement of radical changes in the financial structure of the Health Service, and the successful testing of the Minuteman missile.

The first caused dismay and anger on Labour benches. But it should not have come as a surprise. Since they scrambled back to power, a decade ago, successive Tory governments have worked steadily towards a two-fold object: to maintain the popular facade of the Welfare State while at the same time transforming its fiscal basis. In a series of 'incentive' budgets, direct taxation has been lowered and new exemptions created for the higher-income groups; meanwhile, welfare subsidies and services have been curtailed, or abolished outright, while increasingly onerous charges have been imposed on those that remain.

The new health charges are thus part of a pattern. But their new degree of severity should bring home to the public the real direction in which Tory policy is heading. When the Tories first returned to power, Labour confidently assumed that they would launch a frontal assault on the Welfare State, and that this, coupled with massive unemployment, would hurl them from office. This did not occur. Thanks to the essential national investment carried out under Labour, and to the windfall switch of the terms of trade in our favour, the Tories were able to increase consumption and to permit a rise in working-class living standards which concealed their calculated erosion of the social services.

Many Labour theorists then fell into a complementary error. They complacently argued that the Welfare State was now so firmly established that sheer electoral pressure would oblige the Tories to preserve its essential structure intact; that, although the social sector would not be extended under the Tories, it would roughly keep pace with the growth of national income; that the Tories would, in fact, hold the welfare fort until Labour, with the swing of the pendulum, returned to office and took the next step forward.

This, too, proved illusory. The Tory mind is rooted in the concept that the necessities of life, no less than the luxuries, ought as far as is humanly possible to be paid for by the individual; that to get something for nothing (except through inheritance or business acumen) is contrary not only to the laws of economics but of morals also. In their hearts, most Tories still preserve the concept of 'the poor,' a separate, sub-normal class of persons, who provide the wealthy with the opportunity (but not the obligation) to exercise the virtues of charity. For electoral reasons, indeed, they have slowly been induced to accept the need for a publicly financed safety-net: the bare elements of existence will be provided for the social cripples. But they are determined to suspend the net at the lowest point compatible with public decency. Those who wish to aspire higher must pay for it.

One of their younger, 'progressive' theorists called, last weekend, for the application of a means-test – through PAYE coding – to users of all state services. Indeed, this principle is already being established in public-authority housing. It is embodied in the new scheme for national insurance. Now the demand is for it to be applied to public health – and even public education. Already, Tory back-room boys are working out scales of charges for state schools, and preparing a programme of agitation and publicity among the local Tory parties, which are in any case strongly in favour of tax-exemption for school fees. The Tories evidently believe that the problem of the educational rat-race can best be solved by imposing the only criterion they really trust: hard cash. Far from accepting the Welfare State, the Tories are now revealed as the stern champions of the philosophy of the Elizabethan Poor Law.

Hence, those Labour thinkers who imagined that under 'Welfare Capitalism' – or what they curiously describe as the 'post-capitalist' society – Britain would gradually attain US living standards, while still preserving the social advantages of the Welfare State, have been proved doubly mistaken. For, in the decade of Tory rule, productive investment, and with it the rate of economic growth, have fallen steadily. We are as far behind US living standards today as we were in 1951. But, at the same time, our welfare services, starved and restricted, have failed to keep pace even with the limited growth of our economy. The collective concept has been abandoned and we are returning to the brutal individualism of a morally primitive society. We have not, in fact, risen to the US level in income; and we are beginning to fall to the US level in public conscience.

Paradoxically, it is the Americans who are turning from complacency. While Mr Macmillan peddles soporific slogans, Mr Kennedy sounds a note of alarm and anxiety. US capitalism, he argues, is failing in its two-fold mission: it cannot provide a dynamic rate of growth, and its distribution of income leaves many millions of Americans underprivileged. Hence he calls for higher investment, greater sacrifices, and a vast programme of welfare which will give America many of the social institutions we are in process of emasculating. America is at last learning from her mistakes; we continue to imitate them.

Britain's drift to stagnation, her retreat from social responsibility should, by now, have become sufficiently sharp and dramatic to restore to the Labour movement both a conscience and a theme. But this has not happened. Increasingly, for the past three years, its main energies have been concentrated on defence. This obsession is understandable. In one sense, the H-bomb is undoubtedly the prime issue of our age. The problems it creates are, in the highest degree, both practical and moral. More than any other topic, it deserves (and demands) public debate.

But all issues must be seen in their practical context. Politics is the art of achieving the possible. No party, however wedded to principle, can afford to concentrate its efforts on a programme which bears no relation to the capacities of the nation it aspires to govern. The tragedy of Labour's defence debate is that all the parties to it have based their arguments on the assumption, increasingly ill-founded, that Britain – let alone Labour – can play a decisive role in the arms race.

In fact, not since 1945 has Britain been a great power in the military sense. The Tories discovered this, by bitter experience, in 1956; Labour, ironically, has still to learn the lesson. True, for 15 years, Britain sought to create and maintain an 'independent deterrent.' In this sense, the campaign against the British H-bomb had a real meaning: it sought to change a policy which was in our own unfettered control. But on this assumption, the campaign was, in effect, consummated last year by the government itself when it abandoned Blue Streak. This was the end

of the independent deterrent, and was recognised as such by the official Labour spokesman. At this point, the two wings of the party should have come together.

They did not do so. The moderate unilateralists, justly alarmed at the extent to which Britain (with apparently no control over US policy) was involved in the operation of the US nuclear deterrent, switched the target of their attack from nuclear testing and the independent British deterrent to the American bases in Britain. This led them into a position which could, with plausible logic, be represented as an attack on Nato itself. For tactical reasons the right wing of the Labour Party seized on this change of direction with alacrity. Mr Gaitskell recognised that, if he could lure his party opponents into a straightforward anti-Nato posture, he could beat them. Hence the venom of the argument increased. The campaign for a national British gesture against nuclear weapons became branded – meaninglessly – as unilateralism, and so, by a familiar declension, as pacifism or fellow travelling. Similarly the case for multilaterally negotiated disarmament was written off, by an equally familiar declension, as cold warfare. The vital middle ground was lost and those who sought to occupy it were denounced by both sides as dishonest.

But, as the argument has increased in bitterness, it has diminished in meaning. This journal has repeatedly advised the Labour Party not to lacerate itself on issues which themselves are dependent on a constantly changing military technology. Governments must indeed decide such matters in the light of current technical evidence which is made available to them; but the function of opposition is to enunciate principles. Now once again the sense of this advice is being demonstrated. Over the past four years, as the vulnerability of fixed-site weapons has increased, the military value of US bases in Britain has declined. As with the independent British deterrent, practical forces are now irresistibly, if slowly, removing them from the sphere of public debate. Despite the mounting evidence, President Eisenhower's conservative military advisers refused to face this fact. With a new President and new advisers, the structure of America's strategic-weapons policy seems about to change. And with this change, Labour's defence debate loses touch with the practical issues.

What in effect is happening is this. The number, range and accuracy of Soviet missiles have increased to the point where a great part – perhaps the whole – of America's strategic forces, both long-range bombers and missiles, can be destroyed on the ground. This diminishes the value of the deterrent because it means that America does not possess a 'second strike' capacity – weapons which would survive a first strike and so maintain the principle that aggression does not pay because it can be answered. For years, Eisenhower's advisers sought to meet this trend by increasing the number of bases, by permanent H-bomb patrols, and by hand-outs of rockets to America's allies: the idea being that, if the number of targets could be increased, some bombers and rockets would survive and the credibility of the deterrent thus maintained. For this reason, Britain and other members of Nato had to accept an increased burden of peril.

Mr Kennedy's inauguration, however, has coincided with the birth of the long-range solid fuel missile, and he has immediately grasped the full significance of this breakthrough. By using solid fuel, the missile gains in mobility; fuelled in advance, it does not require a complex maintenance plant on the ground; it can in fact be carried on ships, trains or trucks. The advent of this weapon was foreshadowed by Polaris, which also uses solid fuel. But Polaris has only a medium range; and this means it must be carried in vulnerable submarines, or installed in foreign bases. The Minuteman is the prototype of an entirely different weapon. With ranges of 6,000 miles or more, it can strike at targets all over the world from the United States itself; at the same time it is small enough to be carried in trucks. The arrival of these weapons will mean that, for the first time, the US can contemplate reducing its dependence on foreign bases without any diminution of national security.

President Kennedy is reported to welcome this development not merely because of its purely military advantages but for political reasons. It means he can afford to take risks with disarmament – particularly on nuclear test control. He recognises, too that America's foreign bases not only cause unrest among the uncommitted, but – perhaps most important of all – are a prime cause of Soviet suspicion and therefore a potent factor in the arms race and the biggest single obstacle to general disarmament. All the signs indicate that he is anxious to reduce them as soon as possible. Indeed, it now seems likely that most of the US nuclear bases overseas will be scrapped within the next five years.

In the light of this, what becomes of Labour's defence debate? There is in reality not very much left to argue about. We are moving towards a stage in which strategic weapons will be concentrated in the heartlands of the two super-powers. The real problem, then, is how to confine them there, how to eliminate the smaller nuclear powers and to prevent new ones emerging. On this basis all sections of the movement can agree and Labour's new 12-man committee should have no difficulty in drawing up a statement of principle acceptable to the overwhelming majority of the party. Already, last week-end, Mr Wilson (who has hitherto received little credit for his efforts to state the obvious) published a six-point plan which could serve as an excellent basis for detailed discussion. That indeed is the view taken by those Labour members of the CND executive whose letter we publish on a later page. All that is needed is a minimum of good will – and mutual trust. For this reason, it would be helpful if all the various pro- and anti-Gaitskell organisations in the Labour Party, which cling like poison ivy round the defence debate, were to now suspend their activities. Labour missed one Heaven-sent opportunity for compromise in the week before Scarborough; now the kind fates have provided another.

Once the highly-charged issue of the British bases is seen in its proper perspective as a steadily diminishing problem in a structure of western strategy which is rapidly making them irrelevant, the Labour Party can surely find the will and common purpose to disengage itself from civil war and engage the enemy outside. Differences of emphasis, of course, will remain; but, for all except the fanatical 'death-wishers' at each extreme, the sinister and portentous figure of Enoch Powell now presents a more relevant and urgent target than the ghost of Mr Dulles.

NEXT WEEK

The New France

A special issue

including articles on the Paradox of French Prosperity, France's Second Sex, Satire and Politics (by the editor of 'Le Canard Enchainé'), New Writing in France (by Alain Robbe-Grillet), the Banning of Books, and a Guide to the Nouvelle Vague.

also

BERTRAND RUSSELL

defends Civil Disobedience

The Point About the Homicide Act

GERALD GARDINER QC

When the Homicide Act was being passed many pointed out that it had neither a moral nor a rational basis. This is at last being generally recognised. For example:

1. If a man kills his wife with the nearest weapon to hand, and if this is a gun, he commits capital murder; but if the nearest weapon to hand is a hatchet, it is non-capital murder.

2. If a man rapes a girl, strangles her and takes her handbag, this is in practice capital murder; if he does not take the handbag, it is not.

3. If a man deliberately poisons another in order to obtain money under his will, this is non-capital murder. If a young man of hitherto exemplary character breaks into a shop and on being surprised by the occupant, panics and strikes him with his hand blows which (as in the Vickers case) are described by the Crown pathologist as 'moderate to slight', and the shopkeeper falls and fractures his skull, this is capital murder.

Realising this at last, many people think (quite naturally) that if we took some classes of murder out of the Homicide Act and put others in, all would be well. This is a delusion and it is important to see exactly why it is a delusion.

When, in 1948, the Commons inserted a clause in the Criminal Justice Bill suspending capital punishment, the House of Lords, when throwing it out, intimated that, while they would not accept abolition or suspension, they would be prepared to accept a clause limiting capital punishment to the worst murders. When, however, the Commons substituted such a clause, the Lords picked holes in it, on the ground that it would give rise to anomalies, and threw it out.

The then government, appreciating that legislation to restrict capital punishment to the worst murders was much more difficult than had been realised, appointed a Royal Commission of lawyers, doctors, men with great Home Office experience and others to do that very thing. Abolition was outside their terms of reference. They were appointed to say whether capital punishment should be limited or modified, and if so, to what extent and by what means.

For over four years the Royal Commission considered every scheme or proposal for limiting capital punishment to the worst murders, or to grades or degrees of murder, which had ever been suggested in England or

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tried abroad, and they unanimously reported that any such scheme or proposal would result in so many anomalies that it could not be supported.

All the Homicide Act has done is to show that the Royal Commission was right; no tinkering with the Act will make workable that which is inherently impossible because of the three major difficulties.

The first difficulty is that, while it is easy to talk about the 'worst' murders, few have considered what they mean. Some mean premeditated murders as against those which are not premeditated. Most people probably mean murders which are committed with the greatest degree of brutality – but these are usually murder by the insane or the aggressive psychopath.

The second difficulty is that of definition. If the 'premeditated' murder were to be selected as one category, for example, men's lives would be left to depend on a particular jury's idea unaided by any definition, of what 'premeditated' meant. If there were a definition, it would have to be on a basis of time. But, whether the time chosen was a minute, an hour or a day, public opinion would not tolerate a position in which a man's life depended on whether he had premeditated his murder for 55 seconds, or minutes, or for 65.

Similar difficulties of definition arise in relation to any scheme or proposal for grades or degrees of murder.

The third difficulty is the greatest. Of course the man who deliberately poisons another in order to inherit a large sum under his will commits a worse murder than the woman who, at his repeated request, gives her husband who is slowly dying of cancer something to put him out of his agony.

But in between these two is a chain of cases of infinitely varying circumstances; and the truth is that it is, and always will be, quite impossible to put one's finger down at any point in the chain and say: 'Everyone to the right ought to die but not those to the left'. For, wherever you put your finger down, the case to the immediate right and the case to the immediate left will be almost exactly the same.

The Homicide Act was apparently intended to confine the punishment of death in the main to murders by professional criminals. But this, for similar reasons, it has proved inherently incapable of doing; and, as these are not necessarily the worst murders, public opinion is increasingly critical of a criminal statute which has no moral basis.

The fact is that, as the Home Office said to the Royal Commission: 'There are not in fact two classes of murder, but an infinite variety of offences which shade off by degrees from the most atrocious to the most excusable'.

The very first finding of the Royal Commission was: 'The outstanding defect of the law of murder is that it provides a single punishment for a crime widely varying in culpability.' In the case of every other crime we leave the punishment, subject to a maximum, to the judge. If the punishment of death were abolished, the punishment in all cases of homicide could be left to the judges and no difficulty would arise.

It is for these reasons that the idea that the grave anomalies arising from the Homicide Act can be cured by tinkering with the Act is a delusion. It is a bad Act. It always was a bad Act. It was an attempt, in defiance of the unanimous report of the Royal Commission, to do that which is inherently impossible.

London Diary

CHARON

The dullness of the new *Sunday Telegraph* is so singular it almost makes you suspect a deep strategic plan, as if a secret weapon were being nursed in the background. I doubt whether this is so. The trouble comes from the obvious editorial dilemma of having to aim at a public somewhere in between. This gives you a reader-image of a postmistress. But good new papers are created by maniacs in back rooms, who, even if they don't know much, love not knowing it. The very title is a handicap. Didn't Oscar Wilde say: The telegraph on Sunday is always an impertinence unless one is dead or in love? Or, to adapt slightly, Alfred Austin:

> Across the wires the electric message came:
> 'It is not better, it is much the same'.

Of course it may pick up. At present it looks curiously like *Weekly Post*, defunct, alas, with its 18th issue. I kept expecting to come across the banner: 'General Editor: Sir Edward Hulton'. I was rather depressed to see how the effort of aiming in between had inhibited some of my favourite journalists. Alan Brien, normally so scintillating, rode like a jockey who has had a pair of stays clapped on him just before the off. Only Philip Purser, that admirable TV critic, seemed at home on this course.

I wonder what the late Lord Camrose would say to it all? There was a real press lord who deserved the name despite his ideology. His voice was so commanding that when it came through on the loud-hailer several members of the staff used to stand up. And how about FE – who, whatever else he may have been, was never dull so long as he retained the priceless gift of consciousness? I had expected to find more distinct traces of his gifted daughter, Lady Pamela Berry, in the editorial *persona*. Somehow our Tory Egerias seldom seem to spark off fireworks in the press. Even Ann Fleming, who is the most original of them and can exert influence in unexpected places, was never able to do much to vivify the *Daily Mail*.

★ ★ ★

Why won't London Airport news-stands stock the *Daily Worker*? Anyone trying to keep up with the strange monkey-up-the-stick motion by which the human race progresses ought to read all the papers. If pressed for time, however, he will settle for *The Times* and the *Guardian* with, possibly, the *Telegraph* and certainly the *Worker*, which can be invaluable bird-watching terrain for students of international form. The other morning, owing to an early morning flight to bellissima Manchester, I missed my *Daily Worker* and, had it not been for a friend's sharp eye, I should have missed a story about Nasser's prison conditions that had a distinctly significant torque to it. On the strength of it I'd be tempted to prophesy a fairly sharp increase in tension between Moscow and Cairo. If I'm wrong it will be free passages across the Styx for the first Top Ten shades to claim a refund.

★ ★ ★

Part, anyway, of the importance of Gerald Gardiner's article in this issue is due, I think, to the way it treats murder in general as a continuum rather than a sensation. The point which opponents of the death penalty make is not, of course, that hanging is never in any circumstances a deterrent. Obviously, to some extent, in individual cases, it can be one. But the barbarity over a period of the principle of an eye for an eye begets a lower standard of civilisation. Thackeray's comment in 1847 on a public hanging has lost none of its force:

> I must confess . . . that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows.

★ ★ ★

I've a good deal of sympathy for *Trud*'s complaint of *The War 1939-1945*, the new British anthology that devotes only four out of 33 chapters to the Soviet-German front and uses copious German sources for those. The fact is that the real decisive, nodal turning-point in the war was earlier than most people suppose. Its date was 6 December 1941, when Zhukov counter-attacked with fresh Siberian troops, caught the Wehrmacht with its communication lines extended, pushed it back from Moscow and left it to be nipped by the extra-hard and early winter. After this the German army was never quite the same. The Stalingrad push, huge though it was and menacing, was a second or subclimacteric. It came after Pearl Harbour had brought America into the war and the fairly rapid defeat of Fascism was in the bag. On the other hand the Russians have only themselves to blame if their official histories remain almost unquotably dull and uninformative. Soviet propaganda was run on the legend that Russia was the only country without a Quisling, whereas in fact there were several million of them. It was this attitude that prevented Sholokhov's novel *They Fought For Their County* from seeing the light of day, in spite of his interviews with the old President Kalinin, who tried to persuade him to tone it down a bit. Bourgeois objectivism remains a severe ideological crime.

Yet, even here, you can trust the Russians to produce a turn-up for the book. In the domain of war propaganda, there was one in *The Front*. This was the play by the Ukranian writer Korneichuk about the Bolshevik Blimp whose complacent vanity and unscrupulous secretarianism was responsible for huge disasters. The original was supposed to be Timoshenko. The play was said to have been inspired by Stalin in person, though K-fans may like to think the genial pyknic realist had a hand in it. It wasn't a very good play. I remember one rather strange little scene when a young Soviet woman soldier went into a kind of teenage rave about a young officer named Vassily Sokol, suggestive perhaps of Son of Joseph Vissarionovich.

★ ★ ★

You might not think so, but inside the Conservative Central Office some quite hard work goes on sustaining the Tory image. I'm told this is something like keeping one of those huge balloons blown up that threatens to blow back into your mouth before you can get the string tied round. The Bow Group is not so popular here as you might expect. One reason is the drain on talent. Officials complain that the group is turning into a club for baby tycoons. Groupers who succumb to the lure of industry and commerce have their own wise-cracks. One will say: 'The road to Shell is paved with good intentions.' The other will come back: 'Not quite so much of the oilier than thou, old boy'.

Another vital function of the Central Office is keeping the back-benchers – those

come back to teaching

Today, you and your knowledge are badly needed in the schools. Classes are too big; you can help to make them smaller. Ask your teacher friends. Visit a school. You will soon realise how great is the need. If you are qualified, but no longer teaching, please come back—*now*. Perhaps you are married and have brought up a family. This experience of growing children will be a great asset.

There are advantages for you, too, and you will have the satisfaction of doing the job for which you are qualified. If you feel rusty you can have a refresher course. There are posts vacant in most parts of the country, especially in the primary schools. If you are qualified to teach mathematics, science, housecraft or physical education, you are needed particularly in the secondary schools. Many women teachers have already returned to teaching. Will you join them? Even a year or two's service will help. Please get in touch with your local education authority.

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who are already economically satisfied – happy and amused. Here the party's television school is absolutely invaluable. Many backbenchers are most assiduous in their attendance. It's fitted up with all the latest technical equipment, with screens on which you can view your own performance. But the effect on some of the keenest Tory televisers is a bit disorienting. Several appear to be under the delusion that they have actually appeared on television. They start asking why their fee cheques haven't arrived; drop heavy hints to the various Tory MPs who, by virtue of their connection with the public relations industry, have pull with the TV companies, implying they are open to engagements in quiz programmes – nothing undignified of course.

★ ★ ★

Like many autodidacts, I have an inferiority complex where philosophers are concerned. I am always on the look-out for antidotes against their strange cold solipsistic bane. Here is my most recent discovery; it has been under my nose for years. It strikes me as a rune of some power:

> Religion is the mother of the sciences. When the children grew up they left their mother; philosophy stayed at home to comfort the lady in her old age. The long association told more on the daughter than on the mother.

It comes from *Number, The Language of Science* by Tobias Dantzig. This book, whose author is, I think, still Professor of Mathematics in the University of Maryland, was first published in 1930. It is one of the great works of popularisation of the century for it gives the mathematical dog an enticing glimpse into the world of higher mathematics. Put into the hand of the romantically minded adolescent, being blocked to torture point by some wooden schoolmaster, it could be a wonderful liberating force. It goes on selling with a steadiness that brings beams of joy to the face of its publisher, Sir Stanley Unwin.

I tried out the rune the other day at lunch, on that personally most sympathetic and human of philosophers, Freddy Ayer. It may have been my imagination, but I thought I saw a tiny momentary flash of baffled fury, such as a vampire emits when you produce your garlic clove.

★ ★ ★

Anyone who fears that the more frenetic aspects of dancing must have some immediate apocalyptic significance may be reassured by this description of Napoleon Musard, the satanic Emperor of the Carnival and musical director of the *Variétées* in Paris in the 1820's. It comes from a biography of the ill-starred journalist, Murger, by Robert Baldick, called, inevitably, *The First Bohemian,* which has several good things about Paris in the first half of the 19th century, always a favourite historic social locale. Musard, an insignificant little person otherwise, was a devil with the conductor's baton. 'His *galop infernale,*' wrote a horrified German onlooker, 'made an impression, as it grew wilder and wilder, of shocking Bacchanalian licence.' Finally Musard would produce one of his famous sound effects, breaking a chair in his hands or firing a pistol.' At the first of his great fancy dress balls at the Opera with 6,000 dancers he celebrated the climax by firing off a small mortar. If he were with us today he would be an obvious subject for *Face to Face*: 'M. Musard, it must have occurred to a man of your intelligence that you are not exactly a stabilising influence on the youth of Paris. Does that fact ever worry you at all?'

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

A former missionary, Miss Agnes Cooper, aged 62, stood in the snow outside an Edinburgh bookshop in Charles Street yesterday and burned a copy of 'Lady Chatterley's Lover', holding the book away from her with tongs. She said. 'It's time something was done to free Scotland from the scourge of Satan's filth which is corrupting our youth.' She said she had read only excerpts from the novel in newspapers. – *Observer.* (Aslil Sahitya Premik.)

Hunt followers were given a 'keep on your toes' warning on Monday by Mr R. F. G. Barlow . . . he urged them to join the RSPCA so that they could become voting members and cast votes in favour of the sport. – *Midhurst and District Times.* (J. D. Holloway.)

We read recently in the *Kensington News* that humans are demanding more public lavatories for themselves. What about some public lavatories for our four-footed friends – the dogs? If humans had *no* public lavatories *that* might teach them to stop complaining about dogs fouling places, and it now seems that parks and open spaces are there for the enjoyment of humans only and some of these humans would like to see the world peopled only by themselves and other humans. – Letter in *Kensington News.* (Tudor-Hart.)

That Chair of Poetry

LOUIS MACNEICE

'Even among the Shilluk the structural roles are opposed.' The young anthropologist in a pub on the Woodstock Road was commenting on the candidature of Dr Enid Starkie for the Oxford Chair of Poetry. What he meant was the old cliché: King-makers never become kings. The other anthropologists, all tousled, owl-spectacled and supporters of Dr Leavis ('That man brings tears to one's eyes'), waved their pints and indulged in the sort of quick gossip to be expected from characters in Evelyn Waugh. Since they themselves are more like characters in Kingsley Amis, I marvelled once again at what Oxford does to her captors or infiltrators. Whether they come from the Redbrick enclaves or from Cambridge, they seem to pick up overnight the soft-spoken malice, the ostentatiously throw-away display of inside information, the heavy-lidded thin-lipped irony, the addiction to verbal arabesques, the exquisite verdigris of cynicism, that have traditionally characterised this city of sneering spires.

The anthropologists, who, while deploring my ignorance of African tribal rituals, were prepared to rush into the prosody of Sir Thomas Wyatt, were now playing a saloon-bar game at the expense of, or in homage to (you can never tell which in Oxford), all four of the distinguished candidates: 'A vote for Leavis is a vote for Lawrence . . . A vote for Starkie is a vote for Rimbaud . . . A vote for Gardner is a vote for Chatterley . . . A vote for Graves is a vote for Graves'. At this point the King-maker herself arrived and asked for an Irish whiskey. She looked fighting fit in bright red corduroy slacks, a bright red beret and a bright blue duffle coat.

Enid Starkie's king-making began ten years ago in the Lewis v. Lewis election. Before that Professors of Poetry got elected without anyone noticing. It was Dr Starkie who introduced the two revolutionary principles that the Professor ought to be (a) a poet and (b) an outsider; this was a shot in the arm for the electorate, but may prove a petard for herself. The Oxford MAs, who have the vote, suddenly found it fun to use it; after all no other Oxford Chair is filled in the same way, with the possible exception of the Lady Margaret Chair of Divinity – but to have a vote for that you need to know something about divinity.

To vote for the Chair of Poetry, an institution described by the outgoing Auden as 'comically absurd', you need not even know the English language. Nor need you to occupy the Chair; nothing in the statutes would prevent the election of a Chinese botanist who would give three lectures a year, in Chinese, on Leninist botany. But Enid Starkie, when first she started her canvassing at the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match (which she attends annually to buy wine for Somerville where she is Reader in French Literature), started a lot of March hares which are still rampaging not only through Fleet Street but Manhattan; and it now seems to matter bitterly who succeeds to the throne once warmed or chilled by John (*Christian Year*) Keble, Matthew (*Dover Beach*) Arnold, F. T. (*Golden Treasury*) Palgrave, A. C. (not F. H.) Bradley, C. D. (not C. S.) Lewis, and W. H. (*Onelie Begetter*) Auden. It all began with la Starkie clutching her brandy in front of the Tavern at Lord's with her back to the cricket, her stockings out-blueing the sky and her blue hat loftily pinnacled at a height of around five feet.

This election has become four-cornered, but it is really One Poet v. the Laity. Other poets, including Betjeman, had been approached; Robert Graves, the only one to accept, is backed, according to the Oxford University Gazette, by 121 Masters of Arts (one more signature than the total secured by Enid Starkie for Auden). As the poll is unlikely to exceed 500, this gives Graves a good start, though the other factions point out that very few of the Gravesmen have anything to do with the Faculty of English. As a slippered champion of Helen Gardner (the slippers were monogrammed) put it: 'The fact that some bureaucratic German scientists were made to sign something after dinner is not going to persuade anyone.'

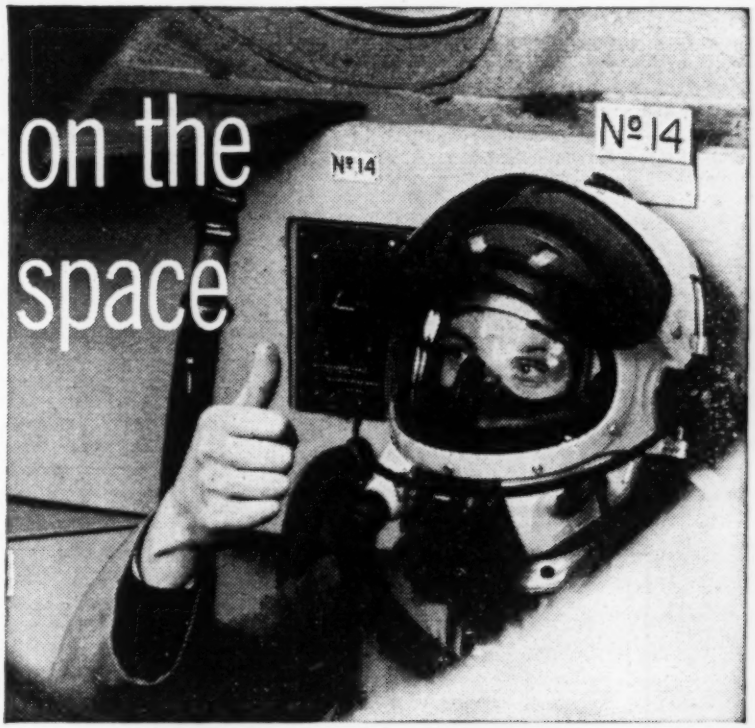
The 11th-hour incursion of Dr Leavis has confused everyone and led to at least one charge of apostasy. The same slippered Gardnerite alleges that Leavis is supported only by '*Marxisants* Anglo-Catholics'. One of their leaders, 'a philologist who knows about commas in Anglo-Saxon', can be run to earth, it seems, in the Church of St Mary Magdalene 'with Marx sticking out of one pocket, and out of the other the Gospel according to Dr Pusey'. In this atmosphere it is not surprising that Lord David Cecil should have been caused 'great turmoil' and loss of sleep by having to choose between friends, or that Sir Isaiah Berlin, who appears in the Graves list, should say on the telephone that he has 'absolutely no views on the subject whatsoever'.

Some people think that too many Heads of Houses are supporting Graves for his good; it was proved they said, when Macmillan was elected Chancellor, that his opponent suffered from being backed by the academic Establishment. 'From a quarter to nine this morning', said one un-Establishment don, 'I have had to put up with what other people

AEI

WORLD ELECTRICAL NEWS IN PICTURES–9

Breathing on the brink of space



What happens to the lungs of people in near space ? What would happen to aircrew should a pressurised cabin fail, exposing them to sudden decompression? These are some of the problems being investigated at the Institute of Aviation Medicine, where an AEI mass spectrometer is being installed. It will provide a continuous and direct analysis of the gases flowing through the lung during a breathing cycle.

INSIDE OUT LIGHT

At Selfridges teenagers can now match colours inside the store without taking them out to the daylight, for their Department has been fitted with the new Mazda Kolor-Rite fluorescent lamps. Under these, you can choose a colour as accurately as you would in the open on a summer day. To add warmth to the characteristic blue tinge of north daylight, Mazda Kolor-Rite lamps use new phosphors. Blues, reds and greens have all been carefully balanced to give you—at last—fluorescent lighting that is *true* to all colours.

BRITAIN'S FIRST MOVING PAVEMENT

Instead of struggling along a crowded 300 foot subway, passengers now step on to the Trav-o-lator*; a moving pavement that whisks them up or down a 1 in 7 slope at 180 feet a minute. Electric motors and control gear built by AEI, drive the Trav-o-lator, which is the first realisation of the town planner's dream of moving pavements in crowded shopping centres, in stations, airports, or in subways under busy roads.

**Installed by Southern Region to link the Waterloo tube to London Transport's station at the Bank.*

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feel'. Such a healthily egocentric resentment might well affect the floating vote; some people feel for instance that Graves, though still the favourite, is being oversold. Also held against him of course are his notorious Clark Lectures at Cambridge. What is held against Leavis is not so much his temper as his prose style. What is held against the two ladies is that they are in Oxford anyway: 'we could go to hear Enid or Helen any time we chose.' (Mr Griffith-Jones heard the latter lady to his cost in the Old Bailey not so long ago.)

Mr W. W. Robson, Fellow of Lincoln College, who collected the signatures for Graves, quotes the precedent of Auden as a poet who is also an entertainer. A woman physiologist agrees: 'I definitely want an outsider and I definitely want a practising poet. The Faculty of English are concerned with the past; as a scientist I am concerned with the present – which presumably is also the case with poets'. In contrast to her are the dons who say: 'A vote for Helen Gardner is a blow for scholarly standards; when she lectures she uses a beginning, a middle and an end'. One wonders how Sir Henry Birkhead, who founded the Chair, would vote; he was a poet – but only in Latin. And would he be shocked to find what dragon's teeth he has sown? I heard one don say of another: 'It is a case of the corpse nominating the killer'.

The undergraduates of course have no say in all this but then, as one don expressed it, 'the undergraduates are an eternal nuisance' (he was referring to their alleged current hankering for publicity). Still, it is the undergraduates who will benefit or suffer from a Professor of Poetry; it was they who got most pleasure and profit from the company of Auden as he held court in the Cadena over his morning coffee and it is they who stand to be most stimulated by the Old Scrutineer or the White Goddess. That either Graves or Leavis is likely to commit absurd generalisations and injustices in his lectures does not really matter. What undergraduates need is provocation. Auden's whinnying irreverences and *enfant terrible* eccentricities must have done them more good than crate-loads of scholarship.

So the new change in the regulations which, instead of confining the field to Oxford MAs, puts the Chair within the grasp of Tom, Dick and Harry – and of Graves and Leavis, is very much to be welcomed. The late Dylan Thomas for instance would now be eligible. As I was walking along Walton Street I remembered how W. R. Rodgers and I were once stopped there at four o'clock in the morning by a policeman who was disappointed to find that our brief-cases did not contain knives and forks. When we told Thomas this next day he said: 'But why didn't you tell him you never travel with anything but a change of verse and a clean pair of rhymes?' This would be a good remark for a Professor, though I cannot hear it from the lips of either Dr Leavis or Miss Gardner – 'the Lass with the Delegate Air' as they call her in the Clarendon Press.

A typical snag in the proceedings occurred when it was discovered that both the local candidates were technically ineligible because they hold University Readerships, though the Chief Clerk in Registry remarked gently: 'Of course they are eligible – provided they resign their Readerships'. It must be remembered that the Chair of Poetry carries only £300 a year and, what seems deplorable, no perks. All was put right, however, by Congregation on Tuesday, so the four-cornered fight is still on. We can now take our four grains of salt and wait for the election on 16 February. Each of the contestants has some notabilities in his or her corner, but where Miss Gardner for instance has Sir Maurice Bowra, Graves has some more surprising seconds – Iris Murdoch, Kingsley Amis and John Wain.

Oxford these days is acquiring a new face since the rotten Headington stone, much used in the 17th and 18th century buildings, including the Sheldonian Theatre itself, is being replaced by brash new stone from Derbyshire. Something symbolic here. Get out your sponges and towels, Amis and Wain, and don't let's have any more sugary talk of Lost Causes. Whoever wins this election, poetry itself should not lose; each of the four candidates would be a credit to the Chair.

Late at night in a gathering of academics I overheard someone say: 'If you can pronounce where you're going I'll drive you there'. I should like to use this as a text for the election. Whether it is Arnold on Homer or Auden, as in his valedictory lecture, on Cooking, the Professor of Poetry must be a man who appreciates the words of others and can find his own words to convey this. He must know where his home or his heart is – *and* be able to pronounce it.

The Pacific Bridge

HUGH TINKER

Soon, the big jetliners will be touching down at Manila Airport. In flying time, Bangkok will then be two hours distant. Tokyo will be less than four hours, and Sydney only five and a half hours away. But if the jet age has brought the Philippines so much nearer in time and space to her Pacific neighbours, in spirit the islands are still on the edge of nowhere. They are still as remote as when the Spanish Friars laboriously struggled across the Atlantic, across central America, across the vast Pacific to their goal, thinking two or three years a very reasonable journey-time. For the Philippines, despite the aspirations of leaders and publicists, do not conveniently fit anywhere into the international jigsaw puzzle.

The visitor who sees only Manila will be sure to assert that the Philippines are little America. The Dewey Boulevard at rush hour, with its giant hotels and neon signs, is another Oakland or New Jersey. The Manila newspapers, in make-up, style, features, even news items, are just an exaggeration of the parent species. The business men, bartenders, garage hands all have Asian features, but their clothes, mannerisms, attitudes are redolent of the Great Republic. The business of Manila is 'Business'; and the Lions and the Jaycees and Pepsi and Seven-Up are all on hand to keep it that way.

But only a few kilometres from the capital, the world of South-east Asia takes over. The landscape has all the features of riceland Asia, features seen from East Pakistan to China. The water buffalo lumbers before the wooden plough or slow-moving cart. The peasant bends his back under the sun, shielded by his great conical field-hat. The villages huddle on stilts amid the waterlogged fields. As one moves around the village, all the domestic and agricultural implements are the same as those in Burma or Thailand. The people are the same in their friendliness and hospitality, their struggles with the natural pests which surround them and with the middle-men who constantly outsmart them.

This is the same primordial South-east Asian village, but something is lacking: colour and vitality. There is no temple or monastery to provide a focus and a stimulus for village life; the nearest church will be many miles away. The costume of the people has been denationalised: nondescript shirts and pants for the men, tawdry blouse or shapeless Mother Hubbard for the women. The village, the *barrio*, where four out of every five Filippinos live, has been submerged and devitalized by four centuries of neglect.

If the Luzon countryside seems like a shabby Burma or Thailand there are other faces still to be discovered, as one flies south to the Visayas. Cebu, second largest town in the Philippines, is an overgrown village. There is a jetty where they load copra. There is the oldest Spanish church in the islands, a crumbling Spanish fort and, almost all the day, the Spanish siesta which holds Cebu in spell. All except the Chinese merchants, through whose offices the commerce flows: the Chinese neither slumber nor sleep. Beyond Cebu, the Visayas are the edge of nowhere. Here the Filippino strain blends with those of the Negrito and the Moro, and the thrust of alien civilizations finally comes to a halt.

Where is this strange combination of bustling capital city and straggling, somnolent islands heading? Filippino politicians, always ready with the right answers, never tire of describing the future as one of expansion and prosperity. And as for their nation's role, the answer comes pat: their mission is to provide a bridge between Asia and the West. As the only Christian nation in Asia and the only exponent of democracy (they say) they are uniquely qualified to interpret the West to the East, and vice versa.

To the outsider it all seems much more complex. The economic future may, potentially, be bright: but prospects for development are subject to inexorable social limitations. The first is population expansion. The whole problem is epitomised in the opening sentences of a conversation that I had with a farmer who owned six hectares in northern Luzon. 'Do you have a son?', I began.

'Sir', said the peasant with dignity, 'I have eight sons'.

The rate of expansion revealed by last year's census is the highest in Asia: over three per cent per annum. This is only a beginning. The attitude of the Catholic Church, and the terms of social legislation (providing benefits for large families) all serve to inflate population. How can this fantastic increase be accommodated within the existing economic framework? This is still a peasant and plantation economy, whose apex is a small absentee landlord class, known as the *caciques*.

Vast stretches of land are still in *cacique* hands. Their relation with the peasants approximates to that of the high French aristocracy before the revolution. Rackrenting and subsistence wages are the basis of the

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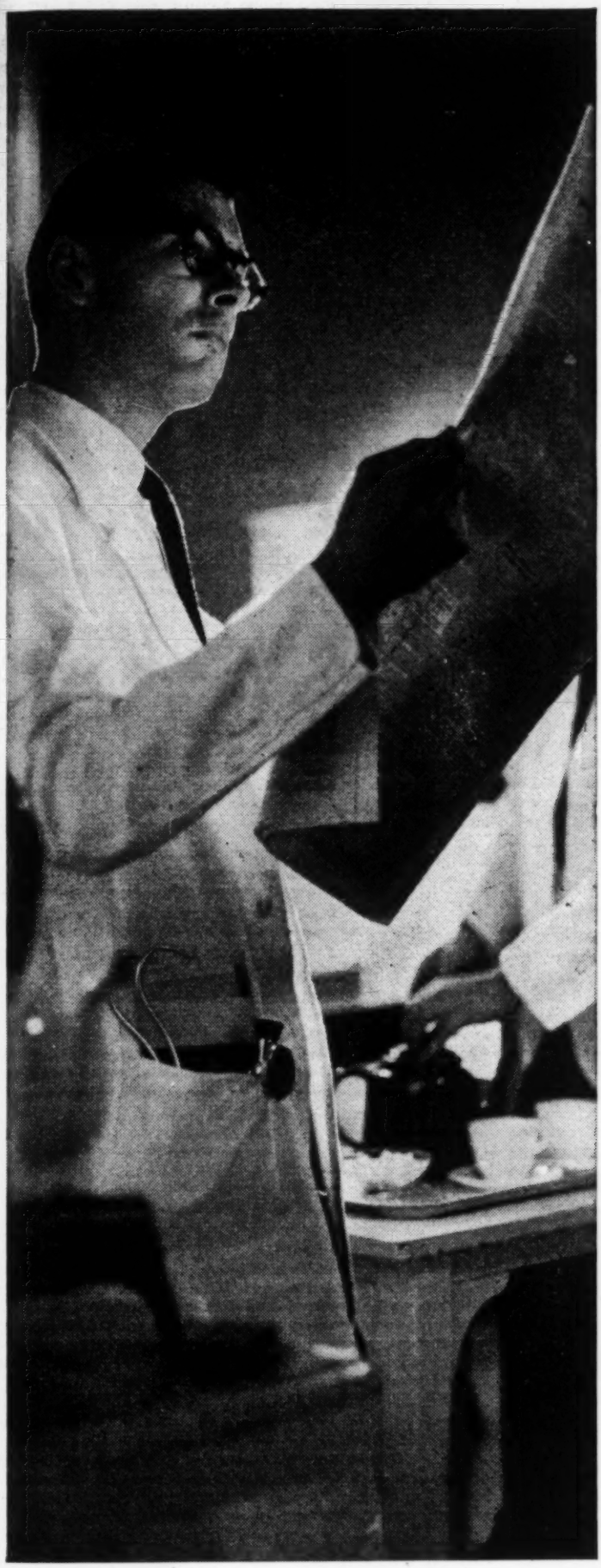

Why some people read The Times at night

THERE ARE STILL PEOPLE who imagine that The Times is always read at breakfast propped against a silver coffee pot. This idea is as generally out of date as the way of life it suggests.

Many busy people, like the house surgeon in the picture, simply cannot get to The Times until the evening, and often don't have long to read it then. The Times serves well such rushed and hardworked people. It does not waste their time with piffle. It presents the news in a clear straight way. It is an easy paper to find your way about. There is no question as to what is fact and what opinion. This is important, for Times readers are not the sort who like to be told what somebody wished had happened instead of what actually happened. This independence of mind and dislike of the second-hand in Times readers is what, so often, takes them to the top.

If you value your time, and trust your own judgment, you may be on the way to taking The Times yourself.

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opulent Cadillac and Patio background of the Manila plutocracy, pilloried by one Filippino writer as 'the phoney society'. They scoop the profits from the favourable terms of trade with the United States, such as the high rate for sugar exported to the States under the quota. Much of this profit goes into feverish investment in Manila real-estate, but some into the new consumer-goods industries. This industrialisation is creating a new entrepreneurial class in Manila, more forward-looking than the *caciques*, but still exclusive, isolated from the mass of the people.

So far, no party has any dynamic policy for rural rehabilitation. There is a community development programme, powerfully supported by American aid, but this is little more than a palliative. The fundamental problem of absentee landlordism is not on any party agenda. The main reason is that the parties are still *cacique*-dominated. To contest any election in the Philippines is beyond the purse of any but the wealthy. The parties cannot foot the bill, though all elections are fought on a party basis. A candidate must secure a private backer: who will not, of course, put up the money for nothing.

The politicians of both big parties (Nacionalista and Liberal) are locked in struggle for the spoils of office. Corruption, nepotism, horse-trading at the highest level are exposed every day in the very outspoken Manila press. But nobody seems to expect anything different. Because the constitutional structure is expressly designed for a two-party system, it is almost impossible for outsiders to penetrate, much less overthrow the established order. The reformers (currently associated in a 'Grand Alliance') do not look like even making a dent in this entrenched spoils system. At every level there is manipulation and aggrandisement. The lavish dispensation of the patronage of the Pork Barrel is the only acknowledgment of the responsibility of the governors to the sovereign people.

If politics and economics display this dichotomy between the Manila 'Haves' and the rural 'Have-nots', what of religion and culture? Catholicism reveals much the same story. In Manila and its suburbs there is a wealth of churches, old and new, a network of Catholic schools, and two great universities, Santo Tomas (Dominican) and the Ateneo (Jesuit). Yet in the countryside one must go for miles before coming on an old Spanish church, its great stone walls collapsing, its gaping interior roofed over by rusty corrugated iron. No effective rural parish system has been established, and in the remoter areas Catholicism has never put down roots. Only today is the presence of the Church manifest through foreign, mainly European, missionaries.

The religious vocation has none of the prestige which it enjoys in Catholic Europe, and there is a shortage of priests and nuns. In the field of social welfare the Church provides no lead. There is a slender but vigorous anti-clerical group which forms the main element in the small Protestant community (half a century of American Protestant missionary zeal has resulted only in the conversion of this handful of intellectuals, plus some hill tribes, beyond the Catholic pale). In certain country districts, animist cults are implanted within the web of a nebulous Catholicism.

Culturally, to an even greater extent, the Philippines are suspended in mid-air. So far, the great cultural dilemma which is agitating other ex-colonial Asians, the question of a national language, has just been sidestepped. The islands are divided between three main language groups (Tagalog, Locano, and the Visayan group) and subdivided into about 70 dialects. Tagalog, the official national language, is spoken by less than 20 per cent of Filippinos, and any active attempt to impose its use would be blocked in Congress by the enormous non-Tagalog majority.

Meanwhile, English predominates. In a curious way the use of Spanish persists. Newspapers are published in Spanish; it is a compulsory subject for all university students; it is spoken in the homes of a small élite, and many upper-class girls are sent to finish their education in Spain. But the grip of English is infinitely more extensive. The entire educational system from the third grade in elementary school upwards employs English as the teaching language. The slowing-down effect of teaching and learning every subject through a foreign, imperfectly understood tongue can be imagined. Education, which has no tradition of high standards, is being steadily downgraded.

A unique feature of the Philippines – or rather, once again, of Manila – is that of the 'kerbside universities': private institutions run for private profit. The largest, the Far Eastern University, has a student enrolment of 48,000. The unfortunate teachers teach by shifts, morning, noon and evening. The one advantage of this set-up, wherein anyone can graduate, is the elimination of the attitude, common among Asian graduates, that the world owes them a living. A degree in the Philippines is a symbol of a certain status: it is not regarded as the automatic Open Sesame to advancement.

This, then, is the nation which aspires to form a bridge between East and West. Not unnaturally, other Asians (particularly the Indians) do not recognise this claim. The only bridge they purport to see is that linking the United States with Clark Field and the Cavite Naval Base. The Filippinos find themselves caught in a vice. They sincerely appreciate the benefits which were brought by American rule. Alone among South-east Asians, they take pride in having fought alongside their colonial rulers against Japanese aggression. Their international outlook has hitherto consistently coincided with that of the State Department, particularly as regards China. Measures like membership of Seato seem genuinely to have represented their diplomatic proclivity. But all this has caused them to be dismissed as a satellite, and has led even their American allies to take them completely for granted. Whether the current changes in Mr Kennedy's Washington will be reflected in Manila remains to be seen.

The Philippines desperately do not want to be taken for granted; and from time to time shrill anti-American sentiments are expressed or somewhat meaningless gestures of independence are made (like the premature release of the terms of the Manila Treaty). One may hope that the Philippines will find more satisfactory ways of obtaining that recognition which is due to a country where, whatever its shortcomings, there is a full measure of free speech, gaiety, American hustle tempered by Latin grace, and an attractive readiness to play a full part in the Asia of tomorrow. What they want is really summed up in the words of a young Filippino diplomat who was describing to me his experiences of life in Canberra. He had been intrigued by the acid reaction of his Australian hosts when he inadvertently called them British. He added: 'I guess we are like the Australians: we just want to be ourselves'.

Correspondence

UNILATERAL OR MULTILATERAL

SIR, – Mr Mayhew has not troubled to understand the policy of the CND which he is at so much pains to denigrate. To say that the CND urges a unilateral policy for Britain as a means of negotiating general disarmament is not to change the policy declared by the leaders of the CND on a thousand platforms.

The argument is:

(1) That by making known our determination to get rid of the nuclear deterrent (which includes an end to US nuclear bases in this country) we may hope to break the present disarmament deadlock.

(2) We may be able to prevent the disastrous spread of nuclear weapons to other countries.

(3) We may, in the event of world war, cease absurdly to present Britain as the necessary first target for destruction.

For further elaboration of the argument, Mr Mayhew might study the statement of CND policy which appeared in this journal on 12 November.

The CND policy leaflets, like those of political parties, are of course in more general terms, but they demand 'a British initiative to give a lead towards general disarmament' and in the official statement, signed by J. B. Priestley as Vice-President and reprinted in each restatement of CND policy, the key words are: 'The British government should announce its intention to abolish these armaments and should then proceed to do so, at a given date, whatever other nuclear powers may decide; it should *if necessary* act unilaterally.' This is not ambiguous. It is a brief statement of aims.

Mr Mayhew must know that nuclear disarmers were willing at Scarborough and elsewhere to reach a compromise if it involved a genuine step towards nuclear disarmament. The six points, attributed to Harold Wilson in last week's *Sunday Telegraph*, would seem to be a fair basis for such a compromise. They include rejecting 'the independent deterrent permanently and as a matter of principle'; remaining in Nato 'while pressing for reforms'; 'Nato in Europe not to have thermo-nuclear weapons, but America to retain the deterrent so long as the Russians do'; and no nuclear bases in Britain and no nuclear arms for Germany.

As members both of the CND and the Labour Party we believe that these proposals could form a solid basis not only for progress towards a non-nuclear defence policy but also for a radical reformation of foreign policy.

KINGSLEY MARTIN
RITCHIE CALDER
BENN LEVY

Adelphi, WC2

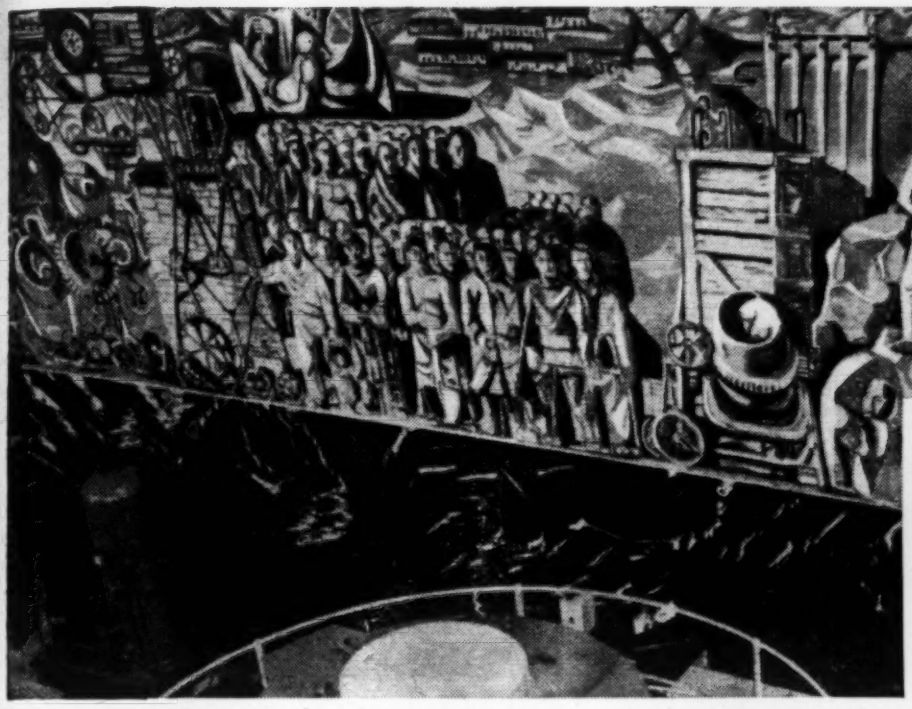
HUNGARIAN PRISONERS

SIR, – In October 1960 information was sent to the Union of Democratic Control alleging that a large number of prominent Hungarians were still in prison on unsubstantiated or insufficient charges. The executive committee decided to write to the Hungarian Minister in London and invite his comments on these allegations. The letter was sent on 26 October. No acknowledgement or reply was received.

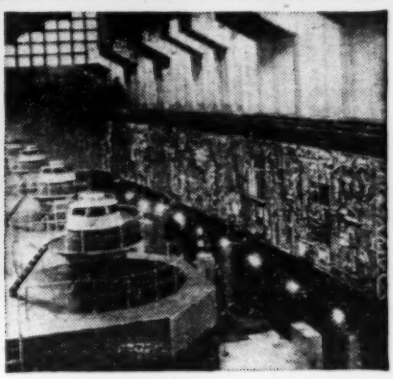
On 17 November we wrote again stating that it had been alleged to us that some of the prisoners had been released but that others were still in gaol. We pressed for a reply to our earlier letter. Again no acknowledgement or reply was received by us.

At the next meeting of the executive committee grave concern was expressed at the apparent unwillingness of the representatives of the Hungarian government in London to provide any kind of reply to our enquiries.

The UDC has a long and distinguished record



Striking murals *make a showpiece of the power-house inside the Salime Dam in the Cantabrian mountains. The power-station was equipped by* English Electric *under a comprehensive contract.*



The turbine hall of Salime power-station contains four English Electric 50,000-h.p. turbine generating sets. Transformers, switchgear and control gear were also supplied by English Electric.

NEW FOUNDATIONS IN SPAIN

How she will meet a trebled demand for power

SPAIN has won great credit for her achievements in industrial expansion during the last fifteen years: in particular, steel, cement and engineering have pushed ahead rapidly—three basic industries which make a solid foundation for a strong economy.

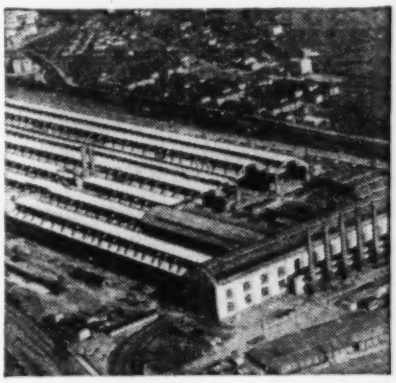
It is in the development and use of her electric power resources that Spain can point to her most telling successes. The plentiful supply of power is fundamental to all industrial growth, and Spain plans to treble her 1950 consumption of electricity by 1963.

English Electric in Spain

Britain has had a considerable share in this development, notably as Spain's principal supplier of hydro-electric plant, and The English Electric Company is playing a leading part in many enterprises. Dams at Salime and Silvon in Asturias to feed hydro-electric power to the industries of the north, power-stations to supply Madrid—for these and other projects English Electric has supplied generating plant, switchgear and motors, while work is now in progress for new stations on the Tagus at Torrejon and Valdecañas, which will together feed 400,000 kilowatts into the Spanish power network.

Another project, now completed, is the great new steelworks at Avilés. For this, English Electric supplied a large variety of electrical equipment under a comprehensive contract. And in the modernization of the railways, English Electric has built 75 powerful new electric locomotives to haul freight in the mountainous areas of the north.

The relationship is mutually fruitful. Spain knows she can depend on the store of technical knowledge, skill and research which lie behind every contract with English Electric, while English Electric gains in Spain further valuable experience, which it can use in other countries and at home.



The steel mills of Ensidesa at Avilés. English Electric supplied under comprehensive contract electrical equipment for the three rolling mills, including the first blooming mill twin-drive in Spain.

One of the 75 English Electric 3,000-h.p. Co-Co *electric locomotives supplied to the Spanish National Railways (RENFE).*

POWER FOR PEACE

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of support for progressive causes and we have made inquiries or representations about allegations of political persecution in many countries spread over the last 47 years.

On 16 January we again wrote to the Hungarian Minister expressing our concern and asking for a response to our letters. We advised him that if a reply was not received we intended to write to progressive journals and inform them of the unwillingness of the representatives of the Hungarian government in London even to acknowledge our inquiries, let alone to comment on them.

At the time of writing we still have received no acknowledgement whatever, let alone any reply to our three letters. May we, through the courtesy of your columns, draw the attention of your readers to this lamentable state of affairs.

J. E. MORTIMER
Chairman of Executive
The Union of Democratic Control
13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8

TAXING THE SICK

SIR, – In your 'Comments on the Week's News' (NS, 3 February) you state: 'There is a case in Conservative doctrine for applying the "market-test" to public services . . . It could be argued that charges should be scaled to capacity to pay, if the "economic" cost must be covered.'

I suggest that no such case can be made on any grounds. Given the fact that the Tory party rejects the principle that the Health Service should be 'free to all at the time of need', there are in fact no sound economic arguments in favour of introducing 'graded charges' with the ridiculously elaborate machinery it would entail for such a modest return.

Moreover, grading charges would not alter the fact that, not only physically but financially, the sick must pay for being ill while the well enjoy the benefits, in both of these respects, of good health. It is significant that opposition to charges in any form is not confined to Socialist organisations, but is also expressed by the BMA.

The only sensible way of ensuring that people pay for the health service according to their means is to raise the funds from income tax. The amount of labour and other expenditure spent on the collection of the existing charges is already absurdly out of proportion to the income. In fact, leaving aside Socialist and medical principles, commonsense and the proper deployment of public funds support the policy of this organisation and the Labour Party, that all charges should be abolished.

DAVID STARK MURRAY
President
Socialist Medical Association
13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8

THE RAT RACE BEGINS AT SEVEN

SIR, – I hope that Mr Duhy will believe that I did not wish to imply, and I certainly did not state, that all the products of state schools use a foul vocabulary or indulge in types of indecent behaviour.

Personally I should like to see all the so-called Public schools taken over by the state, though I should like to see their historical associations remembered and old customs continued as far as practicable. I am only of middle-class origin, but in a long life I have noticed that very often people who seem of outstanding character were educated at Winchester. You can usually trust a Wykehamist.

I have known post office workers and railway porters whom I admired very much for their fine characters. One of them was a Communist. Possibly finer men and women come from the humbler walks of life than from those born to affluence. The truth is that we find noble types of humanity in every walk of life.

My only reason for writing as I did was that this aspect of the problem is continually stressed in private but never publicly; no doubt because it seems offensive.

Most parents are anxious for their children to talk and behave decently. On the innumerable occasions when I have advocated state control of all schools, the opposition has never been caused by any fear that their children would not be taught so efficiently but because their children would be subjected to adverse conditions at too early an age.

The home influence is or should be the most important, but these adverse influences do exist in so many schools and it is only by facing up to the difficulty that we shall be able to overcome it. I am sorry that through brevity my letter may have appeared offensive.

E. LIDDALL ARMITAGE
47 Blenheim Crescent
Notting Hill, W11

NIGHT EMERGENCY

SIR, – May I, through the columns of the NEW STATESMAN, draw the attention of your readers to the fact that, in one leading teaching hospital to my certain knowledge, and I see no reason to suppose the situation is different in others, the emergency operations at night are frequently performed by often inexperienced housemen who are got out of their beds to do them, and the theatre is staffed by nurses who are also got out of their beds to supplement the night-sister on duty, and that both these doctors and nurses are expected and required to do their normal duties next day? True, the houseman can call for the help of a senior, but these surgeons do not live in the hospital. With an open abdomen in front of him, the houseman usually does the best he can rather than contemplate half to one hour's delay before his senior can get to the hospital and scrub up.

The possibility that this fearful state of affairs is general calls for immediate investigation. It should not be impossible, despite hospital loyalties, to find out who actually performed the last, say, 200 night-emergency operations in the central London area, and under what conditions. If it is general, it must be remedied.

One suggested remedy is that each hospital in the central London area should take turns in a rota to provide a full night surgical-theatre team.

The ambulance centre could be then informed and all surgical emergencies would be automatically directed to the appropriate hospital.

N. CHISHOLM
1 Greenhill, NW3

GALLOWS AND GUILLOTINE

SIR, – Since Mr Woodruff quotes hanging figures after the close of the French Revolution, perhaps I may be allowed to quote some a few years before? From the *Annual Register* of 1760 I culled the following figures for death sentences at assizes in all parts of England for *one month*: these totalled 78 sentenced to death of whom 21 were subsequently reprieved, so that 57 were hanged. If this is meant to be taken as typical of figures for the remaining months it means that about 684 people were hanged during that year, mostly for petty crimes and not, as Mr Woodruff maintains, chiefly for murder or attempted murder. A glance through the pages of any contemporary newspaper (available at the British Museum library, Colindale) will confirm this. In one of these newspapers (the *Morning Chronicle*) in the year 1822 I counted 48 death sentences at one session of the Old Bailey, one of the sentenced being a boy of 13 who was alleged on the uncorroborated evidence of a single police officer to have stolen a bale of cloth.

As the 18th century wore on, crime after crime was made capital by the government of the day, but without debate in parliament, until by the end of the century there were about 300 capital crimes. By 1822 these were reduced to 222, largely through the efforts of Sir Samuel Romilly, although, as he pointed out at the time, there were only six capital crimes in France with a population several times the size of England, and still suffering from the disorder and poverty that followed the end of the Napoleon wars. It is noteworthy that Sir Samuel (a largely forgotten reformer), despairing of ending this yearly massacre of working-class men against whom these laws were chiefly directed, committed suicide.

One other startling feature of these death sentences should be remarked: time and again, if one studies the contemporary newspapers, the prisoner is accused of stealing a silk handkerchief; this occurs so often as to arouse suspicion of complicity not on the part of the police, but the so-called 'thief-takers' of the time. These were usually criminals who received a money reward for apprehending other criminals or for giving information that led to their arrest; very often, however, the 'criminals' were simply country bumpkins or Irish labourers who had come to London to look for work and were exposed to the deadly danger of being 'framed' by the thief-takers. The *Morning Chronicle* of 1822 prints a case of this kind where three Irish labourers had goods planted on them and narrowly escaped the gallows; in this particular instance it was the thief-takers who 'swung'; but one wonders, uneasily, how many perfectly innocent men did likewise. The one redeeming feature was that reprieves were fairly generous, but this usually meant transportation for life to prisoner-colonies in Australia.

G. GRENVILLE HEARNE
23 Fitzroy Square
London W1

USES OF SOCIOLOGY

SIR, – May I, as a reviewer elsewhere of Professor Lipset's *Political Man*, add a postscript to the exchange between Professor Lipset and Mr Samuel in your last week's issue? Mr Samuel is, of course, perfectly entitled to argue that Lipset draws more conclusions than his evidence will warrant, and on one or two topics I am at least partly in agreement with him. But anyone who has read *Political Man* with any care must agree with Professor Lipset that Mr Samuel engages in a series of deliberate distortions so easily detectable as to defeat their purpose. Of the five points discussed the last three can speak for themselves, but on the first two some further comment may make the issues clearer to your readers.

(1) Mr Samuel accuses Professor Lipset of offering tests of statistical significance in place of judgment; Professor Lipset replies that he does not use such tests at all; Mr Samuel retorts

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that 'on at least 76 pages' he does. The answer, I am afraid, is that your reviewer does not know what a test of statistical significance is (as opposed to a measure of correlation or to the figures to which a test of significance might be applied). Not only does Lipset not use any tests of significance in *Political Man* but he has explicitly argued against the use of such tests elsewhere in his work. Mr Samuel's ignorance on this point must cast considerable doubt on his competence to review any work of this kind.

(2) Mr Samuel says that Lipset uses a 'Norwegian by-election poll' which 'inspires a theory' about voting; Professor Lipset replies that he never mentions a Norwegian by-election poll; Mr Samuel still calls it a by-election, gives a page reference, and talks of the 'theory it supports' as 'based on' the small figures there given. Checking the reference yields (in a footnote) the following: 'Some extremely slight evidence on this point in a political contest is available from a recent Norwegian poll . . .' Mr Samuel's use of this footnote casts doubt not only on his accuracy but also on his motives in using it to suggest that Professor Lipset bases whole theories about voting on as little evidence as this.

GARRY RUNCIMAN

Trinity College
Cambridge

SIR, – In abbreviating my reply to Lipset, and disentangling its syntax, you commit me to a gross error. I did not say that Israel has a 'largish Communist Party', nor does Lipset, nor, in fact, has it. What I described as odd in Lipset's reference to Israel was that he placed it in the context of the underdeveloped areas ('poverty stricken masses', 'the prognosis for political democracy in Asia and Africa is bleak'), and then listed it among the 'best prospects' for democracy; a list in which he included Turkey and the Philippines, but from which he excluded India, presumably – the criterion he uses to class Iceland among 'European dictatorships' on pp. 52-4 – for the sole reason that it has a sizeable Communist Party.

RALPH SAMUEL

18 Kent Terrace
London NW1

AUTHORS AND POLITICIANS

SIR, – As a footnote to Mr J. B. Priestley's admirable article about authors and his remarks about the attitude of politicians to them, let me send you the following remark made by Horace Walpole to David Hume on 11 November 1766:

> You know in England we read their works but seldom or never take notice of them. We think them sufficiently paid if their books sell, and of course leave them in their colleges and obscurity, by which means we are not troubled with their vanity and impertinence.

Hume replied that her enemies would infer from this that England was 'fast relapsing into barbarism, ignorance, and superstition.' He had recently discovered in Paris what a different attitude the French adopted toward authors.

COMPTON MACKENZIE

31 Drummond Place
Edinburgh 3

SUMERIAN ART

SIR, – Mr Bernard Meadows, in his review of André Parrot's *Sumer* recently, compared the book unfavourably with Christian Zervos's *L'Art de la Mésopotamie*, going so far as to say that that work, published some 26 years ago, 'has remained the only comprehensive "art book" on Sumerian Art'. This is surely rather hard to believe when a very large proportion of the works described and illustrated in *Sumer* were discovered only since that date and in fact several of the most notable Sumerian excavations took place after 1935, e.g. Professor Mallowan's at Khabur, Sialk, Eridu and of course Mari and Nimrûd.

Mr Meadows also refers to the colour reproductions as monochrome printing; in fact some 18 of these are printed in two, three or four colours and the 'shiny' ink has a high metallic content which goes a long way towards reproducing the original texture of the metal sculptures.

With regard to the black backgrounds I can assure Mr Meadows that there is no question of '[leaving these] to blockmakers to decide' since (a) they were provided by the photographer and not the printer and (b) no blocks were used. Instead the reproduction was by the photogravure process in which etched cylinders are employed. This method was chosen because of its affinity to photography in that all outlines are faithfully preserved, and unlike the half-tone block process there is no screen of dots to interfere with the subtle gradations of texture obtained by the photographer.

Mr Meadows is of course fully entitled to his 'specialised objections' but it would perhaps be advisable for him to check his specialised facts a little more carefully, if only to avoid any possible charge of 'one-upmanship'.

WALTER NEURATH,
Managing Director

Thames and Hudson Ltd
30 Bloomsbury Street
London WC1

[BERNARD MEADOWS *writes*: Mr Neurath evades the issue in most of his objections to my review of the book on Sumer by André Parrot. It may of course not be the actual blockmaker who decides where to black out a background, but the photographic retoucher or even the writer of the book, yet it doesn't alter my contention that somewhere between the camera and the printed page too many of the photographs have been altered to their detriment. Perhaps to be more explicit I should have said 'somewhere in the process of reproduction'.

I would not retract any of the references to the shortcomings in the reproductions; the examples are too numerous to quote them all. But two of the most glaring are the Lion reproduced on page 286, which has a black line round caused by the overlapping of the background on the figure, and the figures from Susa on page 328, printed in metallic inks of three different colours, each figure printed in a single colour monochrome. This is not what I would call colour reproduction. I was not concerned in my references to the colour processes with the publisher's intentions, merely to state that in my opinion they hadn't come off.

Similarly Mr Neurath is misquoting and misrepresenting my opinions on the previously published art books on Sumer. I would have thought it clear that nothing discovered since 1935 could have been included in the first book; in fact I said there are many reproductions of superb works discovered since 1935 in the book under review. Perhaps Mr Neurath can tell us of one 'comprehensive art book on Sumer published since 1935'. (M. Parrot's bibliography doesn't include one.) He should know that Professor Mallowan is an archaeologist and doesn't write art books.]

A MAN'S WORLD

SIR, – I observe that Charon, in the last issue of the NEW STATESMAN, repeats the myth that it was Lord Curzon who said 'Ladies don't move'. It was not. It was Lucretius.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

Plas Penrhyn
Penrhyndeudraeth
Merioneth

HULTON PRESS

SIR, – I do not wish to detract from the interesting paragraph mentioning Hulton Press in your London Diary (3 February 1961) – except, of course, where it concerns me.

I left Hulton Press eight years ago, not seven.

None of the exciting events you relate took place when I was there.

J. W. PEARCE

8 Devonshire Place
London W1

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

SIR, – I see, from a press-cutting which has just come to me, from the *Advertiser's Weekly*, that it has been suggested I might be Charon. Each week I read this column with delight. How I wish I had written it! My first task in the day is to look over *The Times* obituaries to make sure I am not included in them. Then, assured that I am still alive, I can face the ensuing 24 hours. In the same sort of way, henceforth, when I read Charon, I shall marvel at my own perceptiveness and enchanting turn of phrase.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Unromantic Rebel

E. J. HOBSBAWM

A moderate revolution is a contradiction in terms, though a moderate putsch, coup or pronunciamento is not. However limited the ostensible aims of a revolution, the light of the New Jerusalem must shine through the cracks in the masonry of the eternal Establishment which it opens. When the Bastille falls, the normal criteria of what is possible on earth are suspended, and men and women naturally dance in the streets in anticipation of utopia. Revolutionaries, in consequence, are surrounded by a millennial halo, however hard-headed or however modest their actual proposals may be.

Tom Paine reflected this rainbow light of an age 'in which everything may be looked for'. He saw before him 'a scene so new and transcendently unequalled by anything in the European world, that the name of revolution is diminutive of its character, and it rises into a regeneration of man.' 'The present age', he held, 'will hereafter merit to be called the Age of Reason, and the present generation will appear to the future as the Adam of the new world.' America had become independent, the Bastille had fallen, and he was the voice of both these marvellous events. 'A share in two revolutions', he wrote to Washington, 'is living to some purpose'.

And yet the actual political proposals of this profoundly and instinctively revolutionary man were almost ridiculously moderate. His goal, 'universal peace, civilisation and commerce', was that of most Victorian free traders. He deliberately disclaimed any intention of 'mere theoretical reformation' in economic matters. Private enterprise was good enough for him and 'the most effectual process is that of improving the condition of man by means of his interest'. His analysis of the evils of society, namely that war and high taxes were at the bottom of it all, is still sound doctrine in the Sussex executives' belt, except at times when the profits of armament and the fear of communism outweigh the horror of high government spending. Paine's most radical incursion into the economic process was a proposed ten per cent inheritance tax to finance old-age pensions. When he came to France, he – like other English 'Jacobins' – joined the Gironde, and was a moderate even in that group.

That he should nevertheless have been a revolutionary, is not surprising. There was, after all, a time when the sound industrialists were prepared to raise barricades (or more precisely, to support raising them) against the forces of iniquity which prevented 'the general felicity of which civilisation is capable' by preferring kings and dukes to businessmen. What is surprising is Paine's extraordinary, and indeed probably unparalleled, success as a spokesman of revolt. This is what turns him into a historical problem. Other pamphleteers have sometimes pulled off the coup which justifies the agitator's life and which turns him for a moment into the voice of everyman.

Paine did it three times. In 1776 *Common Sense* crystallised the half-formulated aspirations for American independence. In 1791 his defence of the French Revolution, *The Rights of Man*, said all most English Radicals would ever wish to say on its subject. It is said to have sold 200,000 copies in a few months, at a time when the entire population of Britain, including children and other illiterates, was less than that of Greater London today. In 1794 his *Age of Reason* became the first book to say flatly, in language comprehensible to the common people, that the Bible was not the word of God. It has remained the classic statement of working-class rationalism ever since. Clearly such a triple triumph is not due to accident.

It is due in part, as we can see from Professor Aldridge's new and henceforth standard biography*, to the fact that Paine *was* the people for whom he wrote, the self-made, self-educated, self-reliant men as yet not finally divided into employers and hired hands. The man who was successively apprenticed stay-maker, teacher, petty official, tobacconist, journalist and 'an ingenious person, hoping to introduce his mechanical contrivances in England', could speak for all of them. He had, incidentally, the same uncanny rapport with the public as inventor and as journalist. The most popular single structure of the Industrial Revolution, to judge by its innumerable reproductions on jugs, is the iron bridge over the Wear, built to Paine's pioneer design, though – characteristically – not to his profit. The discovery of revolution as a fact gave him, like his readers, the enormous confidence in a future which was theirs.

Indeed, the discovery made him. But for the struggle in America, in 1776, he might have become a minor literary figure, or more likely an inventor and failed industrialist, for applied science remained his first and last passion. His friends – but few others – would have admired him as a wit, a charming star of small-town society, a sportsman and a good man at chess or picquet. They would have mildly deplored his fondness for brandy, and might occasionally have commented on the absence of any sex-life in one so apparently sensible to the charms of the fair. Had he not emigrated to America with a recommendation from the astute Franklin, he would be forgotten. Had he not been reborn in the Revolution, he would be remembered only in a rare PhD thesis.

But he is unforgotten; and typically enough, not in the world of orthodox liberalism, but in the partisan universe of political and theological rebellion; and this in spite of his uniform political failure, except as a journalist, and his lack of extremism. (He was the only member of the French Convention who fought openly against the death sentence on Louis XVI, though he had been the first to call for a republic.) Six of the eight lives published before Professor Aldridge's are by left-wingers; a communist has edited his collected works.

Why? Because for most of Paine's readers salvation by private enterprise was not the answer, whatever he or they may have thought. His and their opposition was ostensibly against 'privilege' which stood in the way of 'freedom'; but in fact it was also against unrecognised and new forces which pushed men such as themselves into poverty. They were independent enough – as skilled artisans, small shopkeepers or farmers – to see themselves as the future, not because (like the Marxian proletariat) the very degree of their oppression destined them for revolution, but because it was ridiculous and irrational that independent men should not triumph. Not for another 25 years did rationalist artisans of the Painite type seek their salvation through 'general union' and a co-operative commonwealth. But already poverty was for them a collective fact, to be solved and not merely escaped.

For and to these self-reliant poor Paine spoke. His analysis matters less than his unswerving and arrogant devotion to them, expressed with that 'profound reason and energy' which Condorcet so admired in him. When he spoke of human felicity, it was the end of poverty and inequality that he had in mind. The great question of the Revolution, in spite of his devotion to low taxes and free enterprise, was 'whether man shall inherit his rights and universal civilisation take place. Whether the fruits of his labour shall be enjoyed by himself . . . Whether robbery shall be banished from courts and wretchedness from countries.' It was that 'in countries which we call civilised we see age going to the workhouse and youth to the gallows'. It was that aristocracy ruled over 'that class of poor and wretched people who are so numerously dispersed all over England, who are to be told by a proclamation that they are happy.'

But Paine not only told his readers that poverty was incompatible with felicity and civilisation. He told them that the light of reason had dawned in men like themselves to end poverty, and that Revolution showed how reason must triumph. He was the least romantic of rebels. Self-evident practical artisan common sense would transform the world. But the mere discovery that reason can cut like an axe through the undergrowth of custom which kept men enslaved and ignorant, was a revelation.

Throughout the pages of *Age of Reason*, as through generations of working-class discussion groups, there glows the exaltation of the discovery how *easy* it is, once you have decided to see clearly, to discover that what the priests say about the

* *Man of Reason. The Life of Thomas Paine.* By ALFRED OWEN ALDRIDGE. *Cresset.* 25*s.*

Bible, or the rich about society, is wrong. Throughout the *Rights of Man* there shines the *obviousness* of the great truth. For Burke this revolutionary reason meant that 'all the decent drapery of life is to be rudely torn off' to leave 'our naked, shivering nature' revealed in all its defect. Paine was not afraid of a nakedness which revealed man, self-made, in the glory of his infinite possibilities. His humanity stood naked, like the Greek athletes, because it was poised for struggle and triumph. Even now, as we read those clear, simple sentences in which common sense rises to heroism and a cast-iron bridge spans the distance between Thetford and the new Jerusalem, we are exhilarated and moved. And if we believe in man, how can we fail, even now, to cheer him?

Voyage of the Saintes-Maries

I, the sick seaman from the unspoken north
Firing my vessel on the sacred strand
Mark now how Lazarus with unbandaged breath
Clasps my cold fingers in a warm, clay hand
Casts his killed eye upon the breaking bay
Where in their bibled boat the Maries stand
Pouring a plaster blessing on the day
As he winds his white ship of saints to land.

This barque, they said, built of the Jesus tree
Launched by twin thieves and held by holy nails
We now deliver from the dying sea,
Dry in the diving sky its shroud of sails.
Descending from the water's written stair
Marie Salomé, at the struck ship's fore
Marie Jacobé, branched with burning hair
Passed without print upon the stealing shore.

Where the slit sea-grass guts the shoals of air
We build our church, they said, upon this sand.
On each stone, stuck to perfect stone with prayer
The river rubs with fifty-fingered hand.
With ropes of water and with ropes of light
We hoist these syllables of sticks, of spars
As in the silence of the shifting night
Walks the mad moon its cemetery of stars.

In the blacked church before the noise of candles
I see the saints in springs of fire sown,
Read with a risen eye the wrist that handles
The starting water as if it were stone,
And with the reliquaries of the sun
In architraves of air your talking bone
Sets with sharp flowers for flames. You speak of one
Who murdered death and from the grave has flown.

Now from your trap of towers bursts the bell
With turning tongue upon the travelled sky.
Before the fevers of your blazing cell
Fishermen, cowboys, shipwrecked lovers lie.
August goddesses, on your sleep of stone
I see the paint's blood, the burned words of wire
The sawdust tears upon the city sown,
But at your feet the fire, the holy fire.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

An Articulation

I've about come to an end of listening
to what we say: the greetings before
an evening meal, and the way the kids
come in each night from play, trying out
their latest crop of dirty words.

Even later, on our own, the sounds still
lie about as though they serve some purpose:
you asking what the day has done to me
and I building something we can live upon.
Nothing ever happens here at all – that
and everything. And yet, it's true that

sometimes we will walk alone past that dark
corner where the streetlamp flickered out
some weeks ago, and I'll begin a kind of
monologue that we'll inhabit. Then it comes
close love, and you feel this too – as though
truth still held good for something, somewhere

After this, our words are making deeper
silences than ever; and, finally, I suppose
they'll fade out altogether. Then
the kids will be concerned with their own
conversations, and *their* kids coming in
with dirty words. And maybe, then they'll
walk with someone we have never met –
past that same corner, noticing that
the leaves move there in an articulate way.

EDWIN BROCK

Head Hewn with an Axe

The whittled crystal: fissured
For the invasion of shadows.

The stone book, its
Hacked leaves
Frozen in granite.

The meteorite, anatomised
By the geometer. And to what end?
To the enrichment of the alignment:
Sun against shade against sun:
That daily food, which
Were it not for such importunities
Would go untasted:

The suave block, desecrated
In six strokes. The light
Is staunching its wounds.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

History

It is the unregarded congruence:
The boy who cries 'Bull'
Because he is leading one
Past the antique cart
Which the winter's advent
Will convert to firewood.
He does not mark it
Nor will he mark its absence –
Himself, the guardian
Of a continuity he cannot see
And – grant him means –
Would injure readily:
Admire, but not revere
This inarticulate philosopher.

CHARLES TOMLINSON

Burnt Offering

The Last of the Just. By ANDRÉ SCHWARZ-BART. Translated by STEPHEN BECKER. *Secker & Warburg.* 21*s.*

Atrocity stories are doubtful material for literature. Their impact is too raw, too harsh, too immediate; the sensibility is bludgeoned, not refined. And worse: these tales are tendentious. Did you ever hear one that was not told *against* somebody? Atrocity stories are not facts, but assertions: Workuta is an assertion about Communism, Hiroshima about Americans, Auschwitz about Germans. What for the writer is a disadvantage, the sheer scale of the horror, is to the propagandist a positive advantage: the more atrocious, the less arguable. For the writer the problem is, I should have thought, almost insoluble: he must reduce numbers to human proportions, yet he must not lose sight of the numbers. This was the failure, I thought, of *Hiroshima Mon Amour.*

One had heard of the runaway success of M. Schwarz-Bart's Goncourt Prize novel, *Le Dernier des Justes,* on the Continent, and had looked forward to its appearance here. Would it avoid the artistic pitfalls of the atrocity story, as had M. Resnais' earlier film on the Nazi concentration camps, *Nuit et Brouillard*? I had seen the ovens and gas chambers of Auschwitz myself last autumn; I wanted to know how any writer, Jewish or non-Jewish, could come to terms with them. Having read M. Schwarz-Bart's book, I do not think any non-Jewish writer would have been equal to the task. Further, I doubt whether a 'non-Jewish Jew', a Jew alienated from his religious tradition, could have written this extraordinary book, which ends with the ecstatic words: 'and praised. Auschwitz. So be it.' *Nuit et Brouillard* displays the horror without comment; it is a perfectly agnostic film. M. Schwarz-Bart's praise of Auschwitz is likely to be a stumbling-block to the agnostic.

Yet without it, the book could not have been written. For M. Schwarz-Bart sees Auschwitz, not as a rude hole in the smooth fabric of humanism, but as the fulfilment of history. For him, Auschwitz has a meaning. It is part of a pattern, though a pattern only visible to the eye of faith. Auschwitz happened, because the chosen people of God must suffer; that is what they were chosen for. The meaning of individual suffering may be obscure, but the meaning of the whole is not: the Jews must suffer for the good of mankind. Seen in this way, Auschwitz is not a hole in the fabric, it is the fabric itself.

To exemplify this pattern, M. Schwarz-Bart has taken the legend of the *Lamed Waf,* the Just Men. The first Just Man was a certain Yom Tow Levy, martyred in the city of York in the year 1185. From among his descendants there arises, in every generation of Levys, a Just Man, appointed to bear the world's suffering. The Just Man meets martyrdom at the hands of Christian Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Russians, Poles and Germans. M. Schwarz-Bart uses this device, in effect, to trace out the history of modern Jewry. There is a terrible moment when Benjamin Levy (time, late 19th century; place, a factory in Russian Poland) first meets a Jew-who-is-not-a-Jew: 'if God did not exist', asks Benjamin, 'what would you and I be?' 'Poor little Jewish workingmen, no?' shrugs his companion. To M. Schwarz-Bart the crisis of modern Jewry is purely religious: if there is no God, the Jews have lost their *raison d'être.* It is not by accident that Benjamin's

son, Ernie Levy, is designated the *last* of the Just.

Yet this is not a sombre book. Throughout, the mood is one of paradoxical joy, for suffering is a sign of election. If the book is to some extent a victim of its ambitious plan (all Just Men are one Just Man: they are consequently too little individualised), the language and imagery are often of a richness that it is tempting – and perhaps not inaccurate – to call Biblical. Some readers may find this wearing; the imagery is remorselessly 'lyrical' (if you dislike Chagall you will know what I mean). But there is much in the book that is wonderfully done, and done with a sly, shrewd Yiddish humour: the Cossack massacre; the mock crucifixion; the German schoolteacher who befriends Ernie; the burning the synagogue; Ernie's dream of mystical reconciliation after voluntarily giving himself up to the concentration camp authorities in occupied France. For Ernie comes to realise that he must do voluntarily what his fellow-Jews have no choice but to do. He volunteers for Auschwitz. 'A few freight trains, a few engineers, a few chemists got the better of that old scapegoat, the Jewish people of Poland'.

M. Schwarz-Bart has written a moving book, one very nearly adequate – there is no higher praise – to its dreadful theme. But the final 'and praised. Auschwitz. So be it.' is meaningful, I repeat, only in the context of a faith – and M. Schwarz-Bart does not, one guesses, unequivocally share that faith. Or does he? Without it, Auschwitz remains a hole. Or a stone. 'Do I still believe . . .?' a fellow-prisoner of Ernie's puts the matter, in true Hasidic style:

> 'One of my friends used to tease me by asking if God, in his omnipotence, could create a stone so heavy that he couldn't lift it. Which is more or less my position: I believe in God, and I believe in the stone.'

JOHN MANDER

Worse than a Crime

The Ignorant Armies. By E. M. HALLIDAY. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

One might forgive the occasional attempts at armed robbery made by respectable middle-aged democracies if only the operation were not always a farcical shambles, and the authors of it hypocritically convinced that they were doing the world a service by assaulting the victim. Thus, of course, Suez. And thus, also, Allied intervention in Russia in 1918-19. The North Russian wing (based on Archangel) of this early essay in brinkmanship is the subject of a well-documented and highly readable book by E. M. Halliday, an American university teacher in social studies.

The starting point of Allied intervention was the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk on 7 November 1917, which released the German forces on the Eastern Front for the pending offensive in the West. When that offensive came in March 1918 with paralysing speed and success, the idea was hawked about in Allied councils that the re-opening of the Eastern Front was essential to Allied survival. The Bolshevik government had been watching apprehensively a German concentration in Finland, and the first Allied landings at Archangel in April 1918 were made with tacit Bolshevik approval, a welcome circumstance to Woodrow Wilson, who had already sent his warmest good wishes to the first All-Russian Congress of Soviets. Accord between the Bolsheviks and the Allies was

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After wide consultation 99 English prose works have been selected to form a basic modern library. Two places have been left for you to fill. The Sunday Times choice will be provocatively introduced on Sunday by John Braine.
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YOUR CHOICE CAN WIN YOU A PRIZE
When you have studied our list, make your *suggestions (one fiction, one non-fiction) for the two remaining places in the library. Write a short essay supporting your choice, and send it to The Sunday Times. Best essays win prizes in two categories:—(a) for the general reader; (b) for school forms.*

FORE!
In a new series Henry Longhurst is looking back over 35 years of Golf. Don't miss his "Great Golfing Occasions" . . . This Sunday.

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brief, and Wilson faced the stark problem of burglarious entry into another country. After Gladstonian agonies of conscience, he gave approval for three battalions of US infantry and some engineers to be sent to join the British and French in Archangel – not of course to overthrow the Soviet government, no, by no means, but to guard Allied stores. As construed by Wilson's own ambassador and the British commander, a highly characteristic general by the name of Poole, such a guard entailed a march deep into European Russia to join up with Kolchak's White army advancing from Perm.

By now there was in Archangel one of those corrupt and grotesque puppet governments of the kind America was to patronise in a later cold war. Rival White Russian politicians and soldiers, with programmes and uniforms equally grandiose, intrigued wildly with the Allied authorities while attempting to oust each other. Russians conscripted into the White Army murdered their officers and went home.

The West has always been unlucky with its satellite armies. Two hundred miles away in the iron cold of the North Russian winter of 1918-19 American troops (with some British) were fighting a meaningless, bitter and bungled campaign against powerful Red forces. Although the Americans constituted the Allies' most numerous battle-contingent, they enjoyed, from colonel upwards, the advantages of British command. Not the least interesting aspect of Halliday's book is the American view of the officers and men of the British Army and their relations with native civilians. This view corresponds exactly with an anti-American English view of United States troops today.

The replacement of General Poole by General Ironside, a young officer who had won distinction in Flanders, brought a sense of realism and a new efficiency into the situation at Archangel and at the front. Yet this local and military improvement could not mitigate the total confusion of policy under which the expedition was operating, a confusion which had grave effects on the soldiers' morale. For while the Western Front troops went home with the peace, the Archangel expedition was left to freeze pointlessly among the North Russian pines. With the Spring of 1919 came increasingly powerful and successful Red attacks; instead of planning how to join Kolchak, the Allied command was forced to consider how best to retire on, and then from, Archangel without annihilation. There were mutinies among the French and British. At the peace conference at Versailles it was agreed, despite Winston Churchill, that to continue to guard the stores in North Russia meant a major expeditionary force and war; this price for overthrowing the Bolsheviks was too high. On 26 September 1919, therefore, the Allies left Archangel in the hands of the White Russians and went home. On 21 February 1920 the Red Army entered the town.

What had this expedition achieved? In Mr Halliday's opinion, it achieved that deep-seated suspicion of American good faith and motives that today lies behind Russian conduct of the cold war. This appears convincing; for, to reverse the situation, the US would hardly be more trusting today towards Russia if the Red Army had fought a brisk offensive campaign into Idaho in 1918-19 from a base at Seattle.

CORRELLI BARNETT

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HEINEMANN

The Light and the Dark

Angel with Horns, and Other Shakespeare Lectures. By A. P. ROSSITER. Edited by GRAHAM STOREY. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

A. P. Rossiter, scientist turned English don, was killed in a road accident at Cambridge in 1957. His death and Humphry House's were, I think, the two greatest losses sustained by literary criticism in recent years. I went to many of Rossiter's lectures and was for a year 'supervised' by him. Though he had neither the time nor the inclination to seek a reputation outside his professional field, he once gave a series of talks on the BBC. I remember chiefly the first minute of the first talk. The announcer had made his introductions, and one awaited the usual 'Good Evening'. 'Well', said Rossiter abruptly, and there followed a silence, appalling, endless-seeming. Had the transmitter broken down? Had he fainted? Lost his script? No; he was merely giving a practical demonstration of how dependent we are on stock phrases for each situation and how we panic when we don't get them. This was typical of him. All his life he resisted the glib response. 'Don't be uneasy', he said gleefully in a lecture on the 'problem-plays' (included in this book), 'I have every hope of upsetting you, one way or another, before I have done.' As a result, he was a seminal critic and a brilliant, if edgy and disconcerting, teacher.

As a lecturer, he was remarkable. His voice was light, clear and middle-register, with a trace of the West Country in it; he liked 'racy' jokes, but, these apart, made few intellectual concessions; he frequently quoted German and sometimes drew abstruse diagrams on the blackboard to remind some of us that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in our Horatian philosophies. In the present book, there is a geological parallel in his *Richard II*, a piece of advanced trigonometry ('bear with me') in his *Othello* (both complete with diagrams), while an analogy from physics enlivens 'Comic Relief'. Yet he was a humanist, a modern scholastic; and if he sometimes seemed to be leading you up the garden he always had something to show you at the and – generally something others had missed, or mis-reported. He had as strong a sense of English history as of the English language, and a rich zeal for sheer knowledge: his whole nature would, I think, have revolted from any concept of the text as virgin soil.

Rossiter did his best work on Elizabethan drama. The present book is culled from lectures on Shakespeare given at Cambridge and Stratford-upon-Avon. No critic of our time could quote more cogently, not only from the texts, but from all the critics, revered or forgotten, who had worked over them before (he never grudged them praise when he thought them right nor spared them when he thought them wrong); he drew no less fluently on later writers – Wordsworth, Yeats and Rilke were perhaps special favourites. At times, his sense of the simultaneity of all good writing enables him to bring off a useful tip, as when he says of *Measure for Measure* that we are in 'the Jacobean equivalent of E. M. Forster's Marabar caves: everything exists, nothing has value'. At times, one is perhaps tempted to wish there were less analysing of other people's views and more, and more sustained, working out of his own ideas, often profound in their insight yet often teasingly 'thrown away'. Like many creative critics, he was sometimes his own worst enemy.

Rossiter's master-key to Shakespeare has on its label the single, vexed word 'ambivalence', which he defines in his lecture on the Histories as follows:

> that two opposite value-judgments are subsumed, and that both are valid (i.e. for that work of art or the mind producing it). The whole is only fully experienced when both opposites are held and included in a 'two-eyed' view; and all 'one-eyed' simplifications are not only falsifications; they amount to a denial of the mystery of things.

A profound Coleridgean, Rossiter constantly resisted (as the unfashionable last ten words in the above quotation show) attempts to 'thin out the richness of the Shakespearean vintage'. Hence his finest work was on the complex middle-period plays with their changing patterns of being and seeming: the so-called 'problem-plays' which he preferred to call tragi-comedies and saw as 'inquisitions' into human nature; *Hamlet*, 'an illusion of a living mind's intense and immediate experience . . . in a dilemma which is truly universal . . . a dilemma concerned with the mind's experience of itself as mind'; *Henry IV Part 2*, where there is a constant shifting of appearance, a continuous equivocation, where Falstaff and Co. travesty the doings of the 'giants of history'. What fascinated him most, and most continuously, was the sense we have in Shakespeare of the 'unmasking of Man', of ambiguities used to 'confound contradiction itself and yield a precise evocation of the paradox of human experience'. I know of no modern critic who comes nearer to conveying the intellectual excitement of the Shakespearean quest and the psychological impossibility of reaching in it any finality.

K. W. GRANSDEN

Bookseller as Buccaneer

Rosenbach: a Biography. By EDWIN WOLF with JOHN FLEMING. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 63*s.*

Well, here it is at last: the long-awaited full-dress life of the old pirate, complete with whisky, women and warts, 600 pages of good dirty fun. This book will achieve, and richly deserves, a considerable *succès de scandale*, for Mr Wolf and his collaborator have been tireless in documenting and setting down in print all those episodes in the rich folklore connected with the Doctor's name which are printable – and some people may say that the last adjective has been given a wide interpretation.

This book however is much more than a quarry of fascinating, and in some cases horrifying, anecdotes about the rare book business: it is a detailed portrait of a vanished epoch, which the recent books on Duveen have already made familiar in some degree to the modern reader. Comparison between the two men is inevitable; both utterly outstripped their trade rivals in their respective fields. But compared with Rosenbach's achievement, Duveen's almost pales to insignificance. To convince an unlettered railroad-king that a picture by Leonardo is worth buying is relatively simple; whereas to persuade the same man that Elizabethan quartos or incunabula are the things for his money requires genius.

To many of those now middle-aged, who only knew Rosenbach as a pickled old ruin at the end of his life, the spell which that earthy extravert cast over many discerning and fastidious collectors was largely unaccountable. And it is not the least of Mr Wolf's achievements that, leaving no defect in his character unrecorded, he contrives to enlist our admiration, understanding and sympathy for his hero. His career was indeed remarkable. The Philadelphian Jewish boyhood, the influence of the extraordinary Uncle Mo, the PhD in Elizabethan literature at the University of Pennsylvania (no doctorate has ever proved a better investment), the replacement of mother domination by subordination to his elder brother Philip, the evil genius of the firm whose inept handling of the fine art side of the business would have bankrupted it a dozen times had the Doctor not pulled off an endless series of dazzling coups in the book market – all these are beautifully depicted.

Then, from the Hoe sale of 1911 onwards, we see the Doctor getting into his stride. He annexes the custom of the established collectors, creates new ones out of unpromising material, courts publicity at every turn, buys privately a dozen great libraries any one of which would have sufficed to make the reputation of a lesser man. He hobnobs with dukes, fleeces the Dean and Chapter of York, becomes an accessory to the illegal sale of the Dufferin heirlooms, and establishes a position for himself which no bookseller ever achieved before or ever can again. What was the secret of his success?

He believed passionately in the greatness of Rosenbach and of his wares, and he offered them with a mystical, apocalyptic fervour. He did not merely say that any book he had for sale was the greatest of its kind in the world, he believed it with such conviction that his clients were convinced as well, and they cheerfully paid Rosenbach four times the market value and then came back for more. He did not merely denigrate his rivals' wares, he ignored the existence of other booksellers – just as he turned a blind eye to two world wars and, even more remarkable, to the Great Slump itself. He had a real substratum of scholarship, such as very few booksellers of his generation possessed, and his kindnesses to young penniless scholars were many and highly creditable, as was his bequest of his magnificent private library to his native Philadelphia. Essentially, however, he was a buccaneer, flamboyant, bawdy, ruthless; at the same time sentimental and fabulously successful. This is a book which will teach the young aspirant to success in the book-trade nothing, for the Doctor's feats are beyond emulation.

Mr Wolf was his nephew, and both he and Mr Fleming were the Doctor's assistants. They had access to records which provide an infinitude of factual data about collectors and collections over the three liveliest decades in the history of bibliophily. Their justified belief in the greatness and fascination of their subject almost rivals the Doctor's, and it must be admitted that their narrative is not wholly free from Rosenbachian errors of taste: but taken all in all this must be reckoned one of the most racy and absorbing biographies of the last two decades.

A. N. L. MUNBY

Common Cause

Dorothy. By LORD LAYTON. *Collins.* 21*s.*

Music, as Lord Layton recalls in this moving book about his wife, was Dorothy's first passion. She put it aside, though it was her chosen career, at the age of 19, 'to go to Newnham instead of going to Germany to study the piano.' It was at Cambridge that Layton, then a young don, fell in love with her. Together they had seven children and took part in the fight for many good causes. For the first four years of their married life, Dorothy regularly sold *The Common Cause* outside the Cambridge General Post Office. Later, though she was Chairman of the Women's National Liberal Federation, she declared she was '*never* a natural party politician. Her inclination was to find a common denominator to get things done'. And she did.

She was a pioneer in campaigns for Family Allowances, Infant Nurseries and Welfare Centres. To her they were merely extensions of the movement for emancipation which she was imaginative enough to see as a world movement. Lord Layton has had the happy idea of reprinting a broadcast she made about Indian women in 1935. She was active in the turmoils of the Thirties, working especially for refugees from Spanish and German fascism, for Chinese war victims and for the Peace Ballot.

To many who knew Dorothy Layton, this story, told with tenderness and reverence, will revive memories of her explosive sincerity as a public speaker, her quick, intuitive decisions as a chairman and her gay down-to-earthness as a colleague. Lord Layton has succeeded in one of the most intimidating of tasks. He conveys, without sentimentality, the atmosphere of an exceptionally happy and united family life, based, in their case, particularly on their common passion for music; at the same time, he has made the book stand on its own merits as a biography of an outstanding woman of our time. The result is a book that will also appeal to readers who have never met Dorothy Layton.

DOROTHY WOODMAN

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CHATTO & WINDUS

New Novels

An American Romance. By HANS KONINGSBERGER. *Faber.* 16*s.*

Wake in Fright. By KENNETH COOK. *Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Village of Love. By MERRILL FERGUSON. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

Goodbye, Jimmy, Goodbye. By KATE CHRISTIE. *Macmillan.* 16*s.*

The reason novels don't come in three volumes any more isn't because we have no time to read them, but because we have no need to. As we become more literate there is a kind of shorthand code forming between author and reader, the same kind of cablese as exists between the film director and his audience. The writer doesn't have to *say* everything any more, he need only suggest it. As some authors used words like bricks there are now writers using them like girders, slinging short, lightweight sentences one across the other, to build the shapes they want us to see.

This is not the economy of words we learned with Hemingway, but the surgery of words we learned after him.

One evening they were reading in bed; Ann put her book aside and turned over. 'You can go on reading if you want to,' she said. 'The light doesn't bother me.'

'Sure?'

'Sure.'

After a moment she added in a drowsy voice, 'Wake me up if you want to make love to me.'

He kept looking at his page while thinking about what she had said. He ended by dropping the book on the floor and turning off the light. Then he moved closer to her and kissed her back.

He had not wanted to commit himself, but she took his hand and pressed it against her body, and he caressed her. Shall I come to her, he asked himself. And just then Ann, feeling the lack of warmth in his caress, pushed his hand away.

He gave her a light kiss and lay on his back. He felt sleep coming over him when Ann suddenly said in a wide-awake voice, 'Philip?'

'Yes?'

'It's rather awful, isn't it?'

'What is?' he asked though he guessed what she meant.

'Our love-making. We can take it or leave it now.'

He was hurt by the 'we' in her sentence.

I have there taken the unusual step of quoting an entire chapter from one of this week's novels. It is only 200 words long, but it is one of the most crucial chapters in the book. A few years ago it would have taken several thousand words to set down coherently the thoughts expressed in this passage.

The novel is *An American Romance* and it is one of the most beautiful I have read for a long time. It is an incredibly simple story. Philip and Ann are two people who meet and fall passionately in love and marry. Philip finds that the fulfilment of passion is not enough for him: he has to pursue and badger and harry his love until the whole thing goes wrong. The marriage founders and ends.

This is a modern novel, about a situation which if not peculiar to these racing years is at least symptomatic of them, and Mr Koningsberger employs modern materials to construct it. Using the absolute minimum of words he builds upwards and upwards at an incredible rate; the finished product is simple, slender and graceful, like one of those glass-and-steel skyscrapers. To come back to the film image, he uses the film editor's technique of cutting into an incident at just the right moment, the moment before the climax, and cutting out of it again immediately his point is made. This is a book that could probably not have been written had not millions of words about love been written before it. But read it. Read it for its sadness and its beauty.

Wake in Fright is an Australian novel about a schoolteacher who, having lost all his money in a Two-up School, finds himself trapped in the clammy, hospitable maw of a small town called Bundanyabba, 2,000 miles from where he wants to be. Mr Cook catches very well the frightful predicament of his hero as he is tossed from one new backwoods friend to another, and he is also very good at describing the Australian scene without any tiresome rubbish about paw-paw and what-have-you. On the other hand, the writing is occasionally a bit awkward, and the novel unfortunately includes one of those women who turn out to have nothing on under their dresses, another bit of writer's shorthand in that it saves him the trouble of describing more subtly a girl's intentions, but a bit of shorthand we can do without.

Village of Love, by a West Indian writer, is about one of those messiahs who apparently thrive in the West Indies – a blind war hero who founds a community in which everybody is going to live by love. The first chapter – in which the narrator coldly analyses the feelings of a man who can make love but not feel love – is brilliant. After that the writing has to make way for plot, and the book goes downhill.

Goodbye, Jimmy, Goodbye is an incredible novel about the world of the Hall and beagles and jumble sales and people who call champagne 'champers' and dogs named Buttercup and women who refer to the moon as a 'great gold demented fool.' It contains the following conversation between the professor's daughter and the farmer's son:

'So that's t'way on it. You'll be going down t'Hall then?'

'He wants me to go. It's not what *I* want!'

'Aye. And me?'

'Oh, Tim. No. Don't force things now. There'll be other times. Other places.'

'I'll not force nowt as'll not come of itself. It's come to t'choice, Clara lass, and well you knows it.'

You can let your servant girl read this book, and welcome to it.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

The London Magazine

(says *The Guardian*,) 'sets an excellent example, generally ignored by its contemporaries, in the amount of space it gives to new fiction'. Living up to our reputation, we present in our February number, five new short stories: **THE FIFTY-NINTH BEAR** by **Sylvia Plath; SON ET LUMIERE** by **Philippe Jullian; THE CAPTAIN** by **D. A. Greig; BURIED** by **Diana Athill,** and **TEARS BEFORE BEDTIME** by **Gabriele Wohmann.** There is an essay on **THE NOVEL AND THE LIFE STANDARD** by **John Bayley,** and **John Lehmann** writes **A FEW LAST WORDS-1.**

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is now on sale, price 3s. 6d. But why not subscribe? A year's subscription costs 42s. post free. Cheques should be addressed to The London Magazine, The Shenval Press, 58 Frith St., London, W.1.

Dons' Delight

Tea at the Abbey. By C. E. VULLIAMY. *Joseph.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

Message from Sirius. By CECIL JENKINS. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Smartest Grave. By R. J. WHITE. *Collins.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Murder is Suggested. By FRANCES and RICHARD LOCKRIDGE. *Hutchinson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Case of the Glamorous Ghost. By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER. *Heinemann.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Girl Who Wasn't There. By THOMAS B. DEWEY. *Boardman.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Scene of the Crime. By JOHN CREASEY. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Drown Her Remembrance. By SUSAN GILRUTH. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

How many dons read or write detective fiction – how many don't? The habit seems to be spreading; thick-ear may be giving way to thin-lip; as that wine is raised to the light its year will be murmured, and the more wily sergeants must be getting used to Donne. *Tea at the Abbey* by C. E. Vulliamy – a bit of Oxbridge and stately-homes upholstery – so richly represents the old don's dream, that one simply must take it first. Not that, as a whodunit, it scores high: I knew the murderer before even murder was committed, and I'm no ferret. The real red herrings are the author's wit and his talent for thumbnail sketches. Some digs are undeniably pleasant: 'Her life was truly centred in her work – which was, I regret to say, the misrepresentation of Spinoza.' This kind of donnery helps one along. But then there are plunges into pure melodrama, and whether in the end Mr Vulliamy is more artful than obfuscated, who can say? The ambivalence lends mystery to a tale that, for me, shatteringly lacks it.

A Don's Crime Novel Competition – it was bound to come! – yields its first-fruits in a couple of joint winners: *Message from Sirius* and *The Smartest Grave*. The first is a straight whodunit in gilded places with a nice line of satire: its corpse has been rather loathsomely in touch with the Zeitgeist, and among the suspects are a Cabinet Minister on his way to the Summit, a Brains Trust personality, and a journalist toady ripe to come out with his first real story. The writing has careful edge, and revelation comes, in mildly apocalyptic mood, in a wood. And one doesn't guess too easily; or at least I didn't.

The Smartest Grave (quotation from Sir Thomas Browne) is a retelling of that old favourite, the Moat Farm Murder; once more the 'Captain' brings his lady to their damp bower, the piano tinkles, the vicar calls, the lady is changed for another, maidservants squeal and go, and it takes the police a long

time to catch up with local gossip. The fiendish possibilities of this Victorian sex-drama are cosily exploited, and there is added suspense when the Captain's study of Gibbon seems to be helping his own decline and fall. I look forward to Mr White's next adventure. Both these writers have imagination, can tell a story, and temper intellectual snobbery with a sense of fun.

In the same category, but from Manhattan, comes *Murder is Suggested*, a mystery about hypnotic suggestion, publishing, cats, craziness, and a house with a passage leading into the next. To give a Faculty look to some of the more doubtful suppositions authorities are quoted and there are even one or two footnotes. It's all rather routine, but we are received into a well-established domesticity that bespeaks the marriage, over a succession of books, happily beset by crimes.

What a pleasure it is to meet the old pro again in Erle Stanley Gardner's *The Case of the Glamorous Ghost*. This seems to me in the Master's highest flight; it manages its hint of the bizarre and its breakneck investigation with streamlined ease. As usual Perry Mason works all hours, takes risk with the police, and in court gets the better of the District Attorney who seems to have a cast-iron case. Amnesia, jewel smuggling, runaway marriage trips, and well-watched apartments all keep their secrets till the exactly right moment. The action is conveyed almost wholly in dialogue, and the spare satisfactions of the method never allow a moment for doubt or straying. Blessed readability!

Another American thriller *The Girl Who Wasn't There* follows the well-beaten path of the private eye who can go anywhere, brave the gangster in his den, clasp the millionairess, drink round the clock, and emerge from the last battle to slip gratefully between the sheets with the nurse who has been at the back of his mind all along. Considering how supermanic he is, Mac manages to be quite human and likeable; and the ingenious if far-fetched tangle is lightened by such episodes as the bald girl on the eighth floor and that Sunday morning walk with a cop who can't get away from a dangerous psycho; there he is on the other pavement yelling with a gun, and at that moment three kids come along.

Crook and cop, in Chelsea, form a jogtrot counterpoint through *The Scene of the Crime*, both being after the same house to let. The home life of both plays an important part. 'Handsome West' of the Yard is no stranger to Mr Creasey's readers. The murderer, with a reassuringly 'hard, chiselled look', has a wife who hasn't tired of him after a score of years; and when his appalling crimes are about to be divulged there is pathos in his first thought – what will Gwen say? There are no mysteries here, except in the matter of left-handedness, and it is a pity that in the end everything should be sacrificed to climax.

Talking about it and about gives the pattern to *Drown Her Remembrance*, which begins well with holidaying in Majorca, a beach tragedy, and a fading actor suspected; the chat, mostly feminine, is lively, though a little of the liveliness wears off when it's back in London. The solution brings an ingenious twist, and we are fascinated by a Detective Inspector whose luncheons in Park Lane give a new idea of Yard expense accounts.

G. W. STONIER

New paperback tecs include *Pass the Gravy*, by A. A. Fair (Corgi, 2*s*. 6*d*.) and *Third Party Risk*, by Nicolas Bentley, and *The Case of the Four Friends*, by J. C. Masterman (Penguin 2*s*. 6*d*. each).

A Parsi among the Viceroys

Britain in India. By R. P. MASANI. *Oxford.* 27*s*. 6*d*.

On 8 July 1942 the Indian National Congress carried the momentous 'Quit India' resolution, and Mr Masani comments: 'The credit of first advocating the resignation of power to the people must go to Mountstuart Elphinstone, Lord Hastings, and other wise statesmen of their generation.' Torn from its context this may sound naively magnanimous. But the connection is something which ordinary British readers instinctively, if diffidently, desire to establish, and they will be grateful to an Indian historian for helping them to do so. Mr Masani (like the great Dadabhai Naoroji, subject of an earlier biography, who reappears prominently in this study) comes of the Parsi community whose services to India have been out of all proportion to its numbers. In this tradition his nationalism kept him in contact with both popular leaders and the official world; and it enables him now to write with the appearance of detachment ('errors were made on both sides').

But this is not a history, though it opens conventionally enough with the first English landfalls. It is rather an extended essay, gaining in weight and details as it approaches our own day. It is a personal discourse in which viceroys (some of them) earn such simple and unfashionable adjectives as 'wise', 'patient', 'great and good'. And with equal directness it declares that 'the voluntary abandonment of power by Britain, unprecedented in the annals of subject nations, was shorn of almost all its glory.'

Why? Have we already forgotten, as we lay the suffering and chaos in the Congo at another imperial door? In 1942 Gandhi could say: 'Leave India to chaos – in other words, to God!' In 1947 he was alone among Congress leaders in the view that, if partition were to come, it should come after the withdrawal of the British. Mr Masani, following Mr V. P. Menon's authoritative narrative, invokes the shade of Amery, who had the temerity to conceive of the granting of independence not as a consequence but as a prerequisite of the settlement of 'the Indian problem.' Questions such as 'why were adequate precautions not taken to avert the holocaust?' are still rhetorical. Mr Masani's criticism of the manner of the British departure is quiet but cogent: 'The British withdrawal was bound to come, and could have come earlier, as it was understood that the country could not be held except by consent.'

That is the logic of his broad acceptance of the 'benevolent impulses and honest intentions' of British statesmen over a century and a half, of a 'sense of mission, though inextricably bound up with self-interest.' The real crisis of confidence came in the Thirties. He sees the emphasis on 'safeguards' in the Round Table and subsequent efforts as a disastrous success for the right-wing British Tories. Characteristically he also criticises Congress extremism, and spares three pages for an investigation, 'in fairness to Churchill', of the latter's political situation at the time. But after the war the chapter-heading becomes 'Britain Ready: India Unprepared.' It is in these last chapters that Mr Masani offers something that would distinguish his book even if it had had

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nothing else to arrest attention: a sustained defence of the Viceroyalty, character and policy of Wavell.

Before the controversy breaks, let it be said again that this is a discursive, temperamental book on a subject which today is far too relevant to be allowed to recede into academic history. Aiming 'to fill some of the lacunae', the author leaves others yawning – for example the whole question of economic exploitation by the Raj, on which the intelligent layman has so far been given little but debating points. Mr Masani is, in short, as pretty a nationalist-bourgeois target as Marxmanship could desire. Nevertheless, wind-of-change orators should be cautious in claiming him. His freedom from rancour is not an invitation to complacency. Adepts among his countrymen are reputed to convey hard truths from strange positions. When they lean over backwards, listen carefully!

FRANCIS WATSON

Being and Thinking

Poetry and Philosophy. By THOMAS WOODS. *Hutchinson.* 25*s.*

The body of Mr Woods's book is devoted to an examination of John Stuart Mill's thought. The treatment is lucid, reasonably sympathetic and adequate in a workmanlike way. It doesn't compare in depth of perception or incisiveness of literary judgment with Dr Leavis's introduction to *Mill on Bentham and Coleridge*, the key piece of modern analysis on this subject. Nor in fact does Mr Woods refer to it anywhere. Perhaps this is because he is a philosopher rather than a literary critic. He would need to be both to realise his hope that an account of Mill's case would illumine the devious and obscure relations of philosophy and poetry. And while it is clear enough that he is a philosopher, it isn't by any means so clear that he has the capacities of a literary critic.

He shows again what an important part Wordsworth's poetry played in the evolution of Mill from a Benthamite guinea-pig into a very much more complex and interesting mind. One wonders, however, just how representative Mill's case is. Does the redemptive influence Wordsworth's poetry had on Mill, a special effect in a peculiar 19th-century context, typify in any general way the relationship of poetry and philosophy? I am not at all sure that it does. Caught in and then appalled by the desolate and inhuman diagram of his upbringing, Mill responded deeply and gratefully to Wordsworth's blend of austere idiom and human sympathy. Mill's dry soul thirsted for this therapy, and it was lucky for him – and I suppose for us – that he found a poet with a manner so appealing to him. Wordsworth's poetry supplied for Mill the humanity missing from his personal life. But we haven't (have we?) any warrant for supposing this to be the usual situation of philosophers.

Mr Wood seems to take the view about poetry and philosophy that Mill himself favoured in the *Autobiography*: they both arrive at the same 'truths' but in characteristically different ways which, in a full mind, are complementary to one another. But do they? And are they different just in this matter of approach, the one intuitive and imaginative, the other rigorous and abstract? Certainly Wordsworth's poetry (also Coleridge's thought, one could argue from Mill's essay on Coleridge) helped Mill to see the poverty of his resfricted, angular Benthamism and helped to make his economic and sociological thought more feeling and more human. Mill's flawed Benthamism is infinitely more attractive than the original version.

For Mill, the poet flew directly to the same truths the philosopher arrived at by the discipline of logic. But is the poet concerned at all with 'truth' in Mill's sense? Surely his business is with evoking the plurality of being. This muddle and welter of existence seem to have little to do with Mill's 'truths'. And not only are their objects dissimilar, but the difference of their means isn't at all what Mill took it to be, namely the intuitive as opposed to the rational. Poetry can be logical and discursive as well as mysterious and imaginative. Poetry naturally includes 'the antagonistic modes of thought' which Mill rightly saw to be necessary to one another in philosophy. Poetry indeed is a better, a more complete model of human thought than the traditional philosophy which limits itself to this logic of rationalism and to the aim of truth.

There is a neat irony here. No one has made truth more explicitly the object of his search than the traditional philosopher, and for no one is it more fleeting and provisional. The history of philosophy looks like a sequence of convinced cancellations of tentative theories: all a philosophy can be sure of is that another view is false. Then it yields to the same implacable accusation. So that a philosophy survives not because it discovers truth but because it corresponds to a permanent human need or has been historically influential (like Mill's), or is peculiarly ingenious, or because it is a work of art – to the degree, in fact, in which it is poetic.

WILLIAM WALSH

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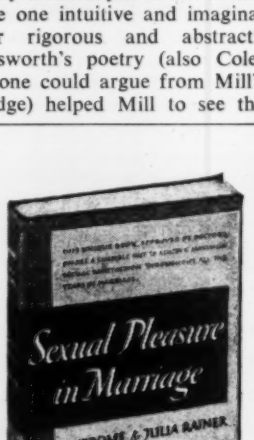

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Pilkington Interim

TOM DRIBERG

For sheer grind, unpaid and with plenty of unpaid overtime, one of the hardest jobs now being done must be that of the Pilkington Committee on the future of broadcasting. By last Monday the committee had had 15 full meetings (some lasting two days), and sub-committees had discussed various special aspects of the subject. Submissions of evidence so far received total some 350: this figure includes memoranda from 'organisations and responsible individuals', but not the numerous letters from members of the public (though these also are read and assessed). There is no closing date for the submission of evidence, but it is obvious that rather fuller consideration is given to memoranda sent in in good time. Estimates of the total wordage to date range from 10 to 15 million: I doubt if the committee's secretaries have had time to count them.

All this means that the members of the committee – busy people, anyway – must be doing a great deal of homework: all of them read every memorandum submitted, all, too, have been 'educating themselves' by doing a good deal more viewing and listening than they would normally do and by visits to the various national and regional offices and stations of the broadcasting authorities. Recently they visited Scotland, and took oral evidence from the BBC and ITA interests, the Church of Scotland, the Highlands and Islands Panel, and others. Later they will take oral evidence in London. They are expected to finish the job by about the end of the year.

In London they meet in a room with a pleasant river view, in the Cornwall House annex near Waterloo Bridge. There is also a lounge, equipped with TV and radio, in which members can work when the committee is not meeting. The quality and honesty of TV commercials are an important topic in their discussions: it is to be hoped that, by now, most of them will have been exposed to the gruelling ordeal of *Monday's Newcomers* (the unadvertised Monday morning half-hour of new commercials, broadcast then primarily for the trade).

As I thought he would be, Sir Harry Pilkington is said to be an admirable chairman, businesslike but – inevitably in so wide and half-explored an area – not too rigid; and rather less apt to obtrude his own views than was Lord Beveridge, who chaired the last committee of this kind.

Not that his views can be anywhere near their final form yet. As I recorded when his appointment was announced last July, Sir Harry then had the great advantage of knowing nothing whatever about television; and, though I am sure that he has been learning fast, the array of opinions set before him must be bewildering in its diversity. Architects, journalists, churchmen, the TUC, the Printing and Kindred Trades Federation, and of course political organisations – including the Viewers' and Listeners' Association – have all expressed themselves with conviction and mostly at some length. Clearly the views of the BBC and ITA themselves have to be considered seriously: on the whole, they are what one would expect them to be – though the ITA, which has sometimes seemed more anxious to defend the programme-companies than to keep them in order, caused surprise by urging that, in future, licences should run for three or five years rather than, as now, for ten.

To a considerable extent this is an unexpectedly public debate; for, though the committee sits in private, those who have submitted evidence are free to publish it. The two glossiest bits of Pilkingtoniana that have come my way are the memoranda submitted by the Conservative Political Centre (*Broadcasting: the Next Steps*, 2s) and by the *New Left Review* (supplement to current issue, 3s 6d): both are honest and thoughtful group-drafts, each expressing perfectly the mind of its sponsors.

The Tory report puts the family first, seems to think that all the members of many typical families do in fact watch television together a great deal, and (on violence) relies on the comfortable truism that 'the ultimate judges of what the young should see must be their parents'. No one who has attended a party conference will be insensitive to the warning that 'in the USA . . . coverage by television threatens sometimes to swamp the event, particularly if it is indoors'. On objectivity, the Tories find that, 'in such programmes as *Panorama* and *This Week* . . . efforts are made to be fair'. They add a more questionable comment: 'The correspondence columns of at least some newspapers offer a form of redress to anyone who thinks he has been misjudged or misreported. Television cannot offer the same facility . . .' Why not? A programme once a week embodying complaints from the wronged, and also – in the manner of radio's *Any Answers?* – strong disagreement by ordinary viewers with opinions aired in, say, *The Brains Trust* or *Sunday Break*, might be extremely viewable.

The Tories do not hesitate to remind us (and Pilkington) that Selwyn Lloyd's one-man minority report, dissenting from the previous committee's views, 'was the starting-point' on the road to ITV. (What a load to have on one's conscience – commercial television *and* Suez!) But Mr Lloyd is now Chancellor, and these Tories are careful not to trespass on his territory: 'The first [consideration] is the share that television can be safely allowed to absorb of the gross national product . . . we have given no study to this possible limitation which involves Treasury policy outside our range'. They are, however, aware of Galbraith, admitting with infinite gingerliness that his diagnosis *may* be applicable here: 'If, as some assert, the social balance in Great Britain, in the sense Professor Galbraith uses it, is not what it ought to be, then the alternatives are posed either of restraining television's growth or of fostering healthier forces'. They prefer the second alternative, and feel able lightheartedly to add: 'Nobody can say, with the rapid expansion of education and youth services, that it is being neglected'.

A certain cheery coyness of style is indeed one defect of this document. On ITV 'minority' programmes its authors say: 'We should also like to make the point' – as if it had not been made before – 'that catering for minorities does not mean always putting on minority taste programmes at times when the average viewer has not arrived home from work or is in bed!' The exclamation-mark is theirs: it is like the nervous cough of Pooter wondering whether he ought to have risked making a mild joke to his boss.

For of course these Tories, some of whom were associated with the back-bench pressure-group that wished ITV on the Government, are in favour of more and more commercial television. They propose that, of the three television services generally envisaged, one should be operated, as now, by the BBC and two by programme-companies 'under the general supervision of a very much strengthened ITA and financed out of advertising revenue'. Their most interesting passage analyses the revenue of ITV (£80m gross), shows that, at a cost of £20m a service, this revenue can support two services, and suggests that, 'when the present contracts end', the rents paid by the companies to the ITA, at present only £3¼m or so a year, 'should be assessed upon the basis of advertising revenue'. They advance, however, a sound argument – the more impressive coming from this quarter – against the commercialisation of sound radio.

The *New Left Review* memorandum is much more deeply, indeed philosophically, critical. After a sort of *montage* of quotes, including a splendid one from the *Daily Mail* (not Peter Black, surely – 'The fundamental good sense and decency of the British people are rejecting all attempts by Independent TV to give them what is loosely called culture'), it puts the community first, and defines 'four attitudes towards communication': Authoritarian, Paternalistic, Commercial, Democratic. Paternalism (e.g., the BBC) is 'an authoritarian system with a conscience'. Commercialism, beginning as 'an assertion of independence', can mean minority control just as much as the others and lacks the seriousness which is a virtue of paternalism. (I paraphrase because, unfortunately, this worthy document is also rather wordy.) Democratic communication is attractively described: the right to choose what to receive, the right to contribute and transmit; not an élite speaking to the masses, but a genuinely common culture.

There is some excellent detailed criticism in the section dealing with existing programmes. I hope that this will be read – especially what is said of *Juke-Box Jury* (a good idea gone wrong) – by BBC and ITV executives and producers as well as by the committee. The proposals – or rather, 'the main considerations which should govern the committee's thinking' – are nearly two pages long and are challengingly formulated: Is there a need for more TV at all? Is it too late to decommercialise TV altogether, to transform the ITA into a second public broadcasting corporation? If it is too late for this drastic reform, why not let firms buy advertising time direct from the ITA, leaving the companies to concentrate on the programmes?

Finally, the *New Left Review* declares that 'the task of the Pilkington Committee is first to define a philosophy of communication in modern society, and then to apply it, with vigour and skill, to the particular problems . . .' (Yes, it's asking a lot; but we ought not to ask less.) 'A society', adds *NLR*, 'will get the television it deserves, according to the standards it demands and is prepared to insist upon'. That, of course, is the trouble. Considering the shoddiness of our demands – 'our' meaning all of us – and the feebleness of our insistence on any standards at all, I shall be grateful if Sir Harry's committee comes up with a formula that gives us just slightly better television than we deserve.

Substitute for polygamy

ONE OF THE odd things about high fashion—and goodness knows it has plenty—is that attitudes to it do not cleave along lines of sex. Almost as many women as men think it impossible; there are as many wives to say, "I wouldn't be seen *dead*," as husbands to cry, "What, *that* thing."

With the designing, and the description, of haute couture, it is quite another matter —though just as odd. Its great designers are men (have they always been, I wonder? Saul clothed the daughters of Israel "in scarlet and other delights".) To write about it evidently calls for a woman.

Fresh and luminous

This seems to me an astonishing ability, and no one that I know does it better than Katharine Whitehorn, the new Fashion Editor of The Observer. It is not merely that she can find words for what, to me, is expressed in vague groping gestures of the hands ("It goes like *this*, and then out, *here*"). They are fresh and luminous words, so that I know not only what the clothes look like, but why they look like that. Her writing has a distinctive flavour: "Fashion is the West's alternative to polygamy: instead of different women, men get the same woman looking different." Or again: "Clothes that keep the same line year after year get to be unbearably dull. And then, to liven them up, you get all sorts of bits and pieces, pompons and capes and wacky little seamings."

This sort of thing can be enjoyed and understood by anybody, whether they can wear the clothes or not. Miss Whitehorn makes one feel one would like to meet her.

But do not imagine that her colleagues on the women's pages of The Observer are in any danger of being outshone. Patience Gray on shopping; Eirlys Roberts of "Which", a most welcome guest; Syllabub on cooking; the wide-ranging Bridget Colgan . . . though, mind, *that* wasn't what I meant by a substitute for polygamy. **J.B.L.**

The Tragedy of Betti

H. A. L. CRAIG

One leaves a play by Ugo Betti, even a work as compulsive as *The Queen and the Rebels*, with a sense of the incomplete. His failure is not being great. He makes the demands of a champion playwright; he confronts his audience like Ibsen; he presumes like Strindberg. Betti has all the paraphernalia of strength, the terrible fundamental themes, the gift of the mighty gab, the pedestal gestures, but he entirely lacks the power to lift. He is a master builder who leaves flat land behind.

The tragedy of Ugo Betti is again being played to us this week: *Crime on Goat Island*, Croydon. There's no denying that he deserves his international reputation, yet nobody knows what that reputation is. The lip service we pay to Betti is a mumble. It is plain where he falls apart. His mythical way of writing succeeds only if the force of the language can take the different levels of interpretation and reshape them into one piece. It is an expanding process that requires heat, the poet in his forge. Ugo Betti is not smith enough. His weights of legend, fact, psychological reality, fall separately and in succession upon the same point and wear it thin. He is a writer diminished by argument; he suffers from being pro and con. The great image makers are not so rational.

Crime on Goat Island could be any kind of play, even a farce; three women in a lonely house and a man down a well. It could begin and end with a newspaper paragraph. Murder by tipping into a well in a rural society is the equivalent of pushing under wheels in an urban society.

But what does Ugo Betti do with this common occurrence? He approaches it with ambition; a story like any other, like a Moor strangling a girl called Desdemona. He makes it a theme to hang his universality on. He enlarges it with Orpheus, Don Juan, pagan reference, Freud, Dante. He tickles it with bestiality – the three sex-starved women are a herd of goats to the stranger who walks in. He plays with phallic symbols so brilliantly that he makes them conceive. He stops the action for the speaking of parables about cunning and the nature of eternity. He trots around with the devil in one hand and a mother superior in the other.

It is plain that you can track Betti as you track a giant, though you catch a mere man in the largest possible boots. The last lines give the game away. Orpheus-Juan is dead down the well; his murderer, Agata, is sitting sewing. She utters 'Now there are only the two of us, and everything is simple. We shall go on calling to each other, and fighting with each other, through all eternity.' *So . . .? Auguri.* Good luck to them.

Is Betti, then, a hollow playwright? To say so would be shamefully unjust. He is not Terence Rattigan writing *Ross;* Betti's fall is a slip from genius, not from craft. There is an intention of grandness in his work, a desire to ascend beyond the top of almost every other writer of his generation that must be respected. To dissuade people from seeing *Crime on Goat Island* while persuading them to see, say, *A Lion in Love* would be critical stupidity. It is just that damnable disappointment at the end of a play. Yet *Crime on Goat Island* is a cliff hanger in its excitements. Betti is a superb and unscrupulous user of theatre effects. He would hang a dog upon the stage if it worked.

English acting has so far done very little for Betti; at Croydon it does him damage. The actors are visually right, but all are vocally monstrous. Even allowing for the certainty that there is as much hunger in Harrods hair-dressing department as there ever was on Goat Island, there is no excuse for transferring the production to Knightsbridge. Ellen Pollock has the plummet for Agata, but she is far too cultured i' the throat. Adam O'Riordan, the producer, should have cut those vocal chords first day of rehearsal. David Ritch tries to play the complicated 'goat' on his face; he has a good face, but his performance is otherwise ninny. It is sad but true that Ugo Betti has only had justice on the English stage from his translator Henry Reed.

There is delight twice-nightly at the Saville Theatre. While the jading musicals pile up like a stack of willow-pattern plates, made in the PX; while we pay a pound to watch a yen pretend to be a dollar *(Tokyo 1961);* we have east of ourselves an entertainment that is witty, original and very often beautiful. The Czechoslovak *Magic Lantern* is a form of socialist art. In itself it is hard to define: it is cinema and revue, dance jump and high jink; some of it would have delighted Klee; Eduardo Paolozzi should see it; its illusions and transfers from screen shadow to stage body come out like clowns' sausages, conjurors' rabbits. It is socialist in the way it discovers man; the screen behind is an enlargement of man, his art, his aesthetic, his work, his pleasure and his strength. I do not want to claim too much for *Magic Lantern* – when you leave the theatre you leave much of it behind – but it gives joy in the watching.

Furnex 61

REYNER BANHAM

The furniture exhibition seems to be passing through another crisis in its curious career. From being only a trade show conducted behind locked doors in an atmosphere of cheerful cynicism about public taste that fully justified the terrible stories one heard about the buyers for the big 'outlets', the Exhibition has pupated into almost complete frankness and openness, with under half its floor-space barred to public view. This it owes largely to an energetic and crusading exhibition committee, and in latter years, to the patronage of a Fleet Street giant. But it has never quite found the correct public image, has never quite become big-time, and this year's version certainly lacks something.

Part of the trouble is the failure of the show to impose itself on the whole trade. No one minds some of the more rubbishy manufacturers holding private shows elsewhere. But the absence of Heals and Knoll International is like the Motor Show without Bentley and Chrysler Corp. Heals are staging their own rival show in their own shop, including ingenious, if over-complex modular bedroom furniture by the boss himself; Meredew, who handle Knoll over here, may still be having legal trouble over the Knoll label (at any rate, they are only showing their English lines); and a big grouping of Swedish manufacturers have held an opposition manifestation in Central Hall, Westminster.

What's left for Earls Court? The trade was talking about the new Robert Heritage pieces (domestic and boardroom) from Archie Shine; the non-trade visitor will probably see this as part of a general trend toward near-contemporary by well-established manufacturers, who often move enough goods to hold prices down to a level where they offer better value for money than outright modern from pioneer 'good-design' companies. Some of the smart modern was already looking frayed and sag-bottomed a couple of days after the show opened, and it clearly isn't safe to shop by eye any more. It was on a pace-setting modernist stand that I got the buzz that Cintique had the most comfortable chair-footstool combination on show – 'only it looks like hell'. For my money, it's not more comfortable than the big black-leather combination by Charles Eames, made over here by Hille, until I come to compare *how much* of my money is involved . . .

Antonioni's Separation

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

After *L'Avventura*, it was inevitable that we should go on to discover Antonioni's past, and of course that the National Film Theatre should oblige us. Their retrospective season has been bringing both reassurances and surprises. One might have guessed perhaps that his *Cronaca di un Amore* (1950) would show preoccupation and style already ingrained. He is not the kind of artist who has to flounder about looking for a way; the way is there, predeterminate, narrow; his struggles will be to get away from it, and when he comes back, to insist more on perfection. Antonioni can't help making a certain kind of film – the *Angst* film, the film of dead passions and hopeless quests – and *Cronaca di un Amore* foreshadows *L'Avventura* in both ambience and style. Rich lives with the worm at the bud; the big affair anteceded by other loves; guilt from the past; fixation, drift, despair. Against the neo-realist stream *Cronaca di un Amore* is astonishingly formed and confident of itself. The individual perspectives of time and distance are already there. Unease, drilling on the nerve, is there. Vision, style, have crystallised since; that is all. But in succeeding films, which deviate from this path, we can discover an especial source of anguish in Antonioni himself.

He is in the impossible position of a Henry James 'committed'. Imagine the havoc that would have resulted in that fine, palpitant frame if not True Expatriation but Red Revolution had been his dove! Antonioni is Marxist, but his predisposed capabilities are Jamesian. This is what gives his films – those on his own pitch, that's to say – their ironical, probing sympathy. It also, of course, gives rule-of-thumb critics their opportunity to complain that he doesn't come up to standard, advance the programme. That the conflict could be in itself a flashpoint of genius may not occur to them. At the moment we can learn almost as much about Antonioni when he's off beat as when he is insistently on. Two films following *Cronaca di un Amore* variously provide the chance.

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tion and goes on to explorations in three countries, France, Italy, and England. Motives and demonstrations never really link up. The merits of the film, landscape-with-figures and some unclichéd glimpses of youth – are fiercely at war with the film's need to imprint actuality. The English adventure vividly exploits a sardonic surmise that now twists the screw home and now slips appallingly.

The later *Il Grido* (which followed *Le Amiche*) is his supreme effort to meet the dictates of political conscience. It deals with working lives. The workmen – and the work – aren't wholly real. But the breaking-off of a seven-year liaison leading to the ruin of a man who drifts off with his young child, catches the eye with inescapable melancholy for two-thirds of the film. Then inevitability trails off. The stroke of social upheaval at the end only emphasises the whole action's separation from it. One gets the impression from this fine if inconclusive film that Antonioni will never be able to find a truly satisfactory expression for his political faith, and that probably in the future he will accept this as the form of the human impasse that particularly challenges him. Even a Marxist may, as an artist, work better indirectly. *Il Grido* can be seen from 14-17 February.

Otherwise, the Hecht-Hill-Lancaster *Take a Giant Step* (Marble Arch Odeon) takes half a step with the young Negro coming to grips with colour and sex, and Johnny Nash giving a fresh performance in a middling stage adaptation. The British *The Full Treatment* (New Victoria) apes Alfred Hitchcock in his stickiest period; breakdown, the enormous close-up, and a demon psychiatrist brings us Claude Dauphin, who once kept 12 cats, trying rather late in the day to do a Claude Rains.

Midsummer Daylight

DAVID DREW

It was inevitable, but nonetheless desirable, that the transferring of Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from a tiny hall to a huge opera house should shed new light on the work. Last week's triumphant premiere at Covent Garden was in some ways a revelation. To the anxious question, what has Britten done to the orchestration, the answer was simple: essentially, nothing. The provision of a full complement of strings was the beginning and the end of the 'adaptation'. Yet that is no small change. It cannot be easy, even for a composer of Britten's extraordinary aural imagination, to 'hear' two distinct types of voice-and-orchestra balance while composing; and to hear them simultaneously is a physical impossibility. Which, then, came first, the Aldeburgh sound or the Covent Garden sound? Britten's own charming statement, 'it is to me the local things that matter most' suggests the former, but the music itself suggests the latter.

Whilst it would be quite untrue to say that anything at Aldeburgh sounded ineffective texturally, the fact remains that with a larger body of strings and a broader acoustic, many things at Covent Garden sounded much better. I am thinking particularly of such things as Demetrius's aria 'O Helen, goddess, nymph', and the crucial sounding of midnight in the last act. Where the original chamber musical or small orchestra forces are retained (and for musical reasons must be retained) the gains and losses in a large house seem to even out.

The superb post-*Agon* brass writing for the Players benefits immeasurably from a resonant acoustic. On the other hand, the kind of strength that derives from a deliberate instrumental understatement fares less well. Although the singers at Covent Garden were partly responsible for the unexciting impression made by Britten's thrilled and thrilling setting of 'Ill met by moonlight', it is hard to believe that this kind of thing would ever make its full effect in a large opera house.

The Covent Garden cast is on the whole a worthy successor to the Aldeburgh cast. Geraint Evans is a superb new Bottom, and Marjorie Thomas repeats her admirable Hermia, though an occasional unsteadiness of tone (justified least of all by 'Never so weary') is a pity. The Rustics are all excellent in their own right, with a Flute (John Lanigan) of pure silver. The only regret here is that we may never again see a Snout to equal the tortured plaintiveness of Edward Byles at Aldeburgh. The major challenge in the new casting was to find an Oberon who matched the dark beauty of Deller's original performance and was yet equal to the demands of a large stage and a large auditorium. Russell Oberlin's voice carries magnificently, and his words are clear and forthright. But the warm, yet otherworldly and inhuman quality which Deller's voice brought to this role is nowhere preserved in Oberlin's much less equivocal tones. When the sound produced is often so close to that of a woman's voice, the whole point of Britten's setting of the role is lost. The dramatic effect of this might have been counteracted by the production, but Sir John Gielgud has allowed Oberlin's gestures and movements to accord all too closely with the character of his voice. Nonetheless, Gielgud has brought to the new production much that is invaluable – a dignity and grace which, with true understanding, affects the comedy as much as the other elements in the drama.

The large theatre, the good cast, the sympathetic production, and not least the highly accomplished conducting of Georg Solti have helped to show that Britten's new opera is perhaps of even greater stature than we had supposed. Above all the ennoblement of the comic scenes, both musically and dramatically, has furthered this impression. From the very first entrance of the Rustics, through to the awakening of Bottom, the comedy is vibrant with poetry and human understanding. Britten's manipulation of the Players' motif *preliminary* to its central association with Bottom's 'I will undertake it' and then subsequently, right on to the sounding of midnight in the last act, is a *tour de force* of structural and poetic mastery; and so is the way in which Bottom's awakening caps even the awakening of the lovers.

In view of this, it is fitting that we try to view the Play scene itself in proper perspective. The preceding Court scene, like other scenes in this not-so-easy but easy-sounding score, already reveals new subtleties after repeated hearing, though the Court theme itself (with its echoes of *Lucretia* which pass back through Walton to *Aida*) still seems contrived, unfelt in a context of such feeling. The Play scene occupies the same position in the total structure that the Divertissement does in the Romantic three-act ballet, or the ballet in the classical Gluckian opera; and it is in the spirit at least of the former that we must approach it. The tragedy is that, having

so finely conditioned us to think of the Rustics as something more than comic, Britten now asks us to change our terms of reference. Suddenly all is simple comedy, and comic simplicity. Within *these* terms the scene is a minor masterpiece, and if we compare it to Britten's early theatre music (for instance, the ante-masque in *This Way to the Tomb*) let alone to the analogous music of skilled composers like, say, Malcolm Arnold or Antony Hopkins, we will be in no two minds about its brilliance.

Within the terms he has set himself, Britten does not put a foot wrong. Produced and acted as delightfully as it was at Covent Garden, and benefiting now from the (parodied) resources of a larger orchestra, the scene is a breathtaking sequence of comic inventions. But it does not attempt to go deeper than that. When one thinks not only of what the Verdi of *Falstaff* or the Mozart of the 'rustic' parts of *Don Giovanni*, but also the Britten of Acts 1 and 2 might have made of this, it is hard not to find in this scene a failure of response and responsibility. Britten the musician remains true to himself – how true, I had not realised until the other night – but Britten the artist has suffered a painful lapse of sensibility. Are we to feel about this scene as Berlioz felt about the allegro of Donna Anna's 'Non mi dir' in *Don Giovanni*, of which he wrote 'I would give some of my blood to efface this shameful page'? Or, more happily, are we to accept it merely as a Divertissement, and hold our hearts and minds in suspense until midnight sounds again, and magic once more enthralls the living world?

Week-end Competition

No. 1,616 Set by William Salter

The time may yet come when the public (i.e. private) schools will have to advertise. The usual prizes are offered for not more than 100 words of newspaper advertising copy (paper to be named) 'selling' Eton, Winchester, Repton, Cheltenham Ladies' College, Bedales, Stonyhurst, Gordonstoun, or Dartington Hall. Entries by 21 February.

Result of No. 1,613 Set by H. A. L. Craig

Competitors are invited to compose a worksong for any one of the following: hangman, Dagenham car-worker, income tax inspector, take-over bidder, bishop, chorus girl, psychoanalyst. Any of the worksong forms will be accepted – Negro, convict gang, sea-shanty, Hebridean, etc. Limit 16 lines.

Report

Hangman's happiness informed most entries. But too many relied on easy shanty forms, 'Heave ho, haul away, Joe'. I preferred more stringent rhythms. The Evans-Christie guilt touched even the happiest ketch: 'One was sufficient, they paid for two' (Michael Stroud). The hanging prize of one guinea goes to Allan M. Laing for his restrained grotesque. Except for J. P. Stevenson's *laoidh-coisrigeadh* (one guinea), the bishop songs were disappointing. Among the psychoanalysts there were as many flashes as a ball makes on a pin table – so I quote the simplest. J. A. Lindon's last verse:

Yawning, yawning, yawning ever the more,
Hoping a violent thunderstorm'll
Put a stop to this dull informal
Monologue of a man so normal –
God, what a frightful bore!
And he won't be gone till four!

The most successful competitor was Henry Walter with two entries. His Dagenham car-worker sang the simplest, dullest and nearest-to-the-bone-weary song of the competition. The chorus girl songs were scarce but of a high standard. A guinea each to Henry Walter and P. W. R. Foot.

HANGMAN

Fourteen stone and a six-foot drop:
Come quiet, Mister!
You've had your fun, and it's time to stop,
So, if you're ready, I'll blow your top,
You ruddy blister!

It's a nice, strong rope with a nice, safe knot:
Come quiet, Mister!
And it's just three yards to the fatal spot
Where you're due to get what your victim got,
You ruddy blister!

There'll be butterflies fluttering in your tum:
Come quiet, Mister!
As the lever slides beneath my thumb,
And you drop downstairs to Kingdom Come,
You ruddy blister!

ALLAN M. LAING

BISHOP

A' the neum, A' the neum,
Peaceful be thy conference;
A' the neum, A' the neum,
Ho-ro-ee, ambivalence!
(Canon Collins, hie thee hence).

May thy portals never know
Saeva indignatio!
Ah, no no no, no-no no no,
Ah, no no no, no-no no no.
May the winds o' change softly o'er thee blow!

Thy Diocesan Gazette
Crockford preface never harm thee
May it be both dry and wet!
Crockford preface ne'er alarm thee.

Safe committee men and sound
Bear thee up and hedge thee round.

J. P. STEVENSON

DAGENHAM CAR-WORKER

Take this hammer (Clank!) Take it to the foreman (Clank!)
Tell him I've had it (Clank!) Tell him I quit (Clank!)

Workin' on short time (Clank!) For a long time (Clank!)
Ain't for me, mate (Clank!) Ain't for me (Clank!)

Henry Ford said (Clank!) To the Chairman (Clank!)
I'm takin' over (Clank!) But he won't take me (Clank!)

This old spanner (Clank!) Shines like silver (Clank!)
But not for me, mate (Clank!) Not for me (Clank!)

HENRY WALTER

CHORUS GIRL

There's gold up in the gallery,
There's diamonds down below,
So show a little bit of leg,
There's diamonds down below.
Diamonds! Diamonds! Diamonds down below,
A girl's best friend is diamonds,
There's diamonds down below.
Kick 'em in the eye, kick 'em in the head,
It's show a bit of uplift girls,
Those diamonds – they ain't lead.
Chorus.
It's dinner at the Savoy, it's supper at the Ritz,
And show the golden boys, my girls
Just how a diamond splits.
Chorus.

P. W. R. FOOT

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The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

I remember a drawing, I think by Peter Arno, of an urban scene, mighty skyscrapers, bridges and viaducts, with a leafless tree in a backyard, dwarfed by the works of man. The caption, playing on the words of a sob-song of the Thirties, was 'God can only make a tree'. It was a legitimate reaction against the nauseating sentiment of the song, and perhaps of the tree worshippers. It remains true that of the beautiful objects of town and country the tree is supreme; at least, I think so. And that is the reason why I dislike felling trees.

I have had to do some felling lately, however, in an overcrowded planting. One of the trees which had to come down, a big Austrian pine, one of three all obviously the same age, was dead. I do not know why; and, when we asked the forester helping us, he said that trees, like men, just die. Senility, then: yet the other two of the same stand and age and exposure, are both still green and vigorous.

Rum, when you think of it; for the life of a tree in such conditions has none of the trials which shorten one man's life as against his neighbour's, nor are there the enormous hereditary differences which exist between one man and another.

While this tree was still standing – it has yielded about 12 tons of logs – it had a most venerable appearance: you would have said that it had been there for centuries, and its two siblings have the same air still. But having counted the rings on the exposed face of the cut trunk, where it is about four feet six inches in diameter, I find that the tree was 80 years old.

The fact is that trees have bluffed us by their look of being as much part of the landscape as mountains; they are not as old as all that, and the immemorial elms are not immemorial at all but were planted in grandfather's youth. It is nonsense to say that one cannot live to enjoy the trees one plants oneself: it is perfectly possible to sit in the shade of an oak which one has planted. It only means being a tree-planter while one is still in one's youth.

Trees which have the trick of looking very ancient at maturity get a reputation of being slow in growth which is often quite undeserved. Two cases in point occur to me. On my first or second visit to the gardens at Sissinghurst, knowing that Lady Nicolson had made these gardens, I was puzzled by the height and girth and substance of the yew hedges, for I had always understood that such hedges were a product of much time, even of centuries. But I think they were, at that time, only a quarter of a century old, or it may have been less.

The second case was a personal experience: mulberry trees have a great reputation for growing to a great age very slowly. But the fact is that they grow very fast and that their wood being soft they fall, at a relatively early age, into the twisted and picturesque shapes which suggest antiquity. I planted an eight-inch cutting of mulberry: four years later the resultant tree stood slightly taller than myself and had a head four feet through. Its annual increase, I mean in the volume of the head, was enormous. There is a magnificent and very large mulberry in the gardens of Wye College which I believe to be well under half a century old.

One of Gilbert White's correspondents, writing in 1790, tells of an oak which he planted as a boy in 1720: this tree was 12 feet six inches in circumference at soil level and over eight feet halfway up its 28-foot clear bole. The same man's beeches, planted as seed in 1741, were over six feet in girth at five feet from the ground. There are similar records for ash, fir, elm and lime. It almost always happens that when the age of a tree can be checked by sound records or by ring counting after felling, it turns out to be much less than had been supposed by the people in its neighbourhood.

Nevertheless trees are the oldest living creatures and the record is usually claimed for the Californian sequoias. A low estimate of the age of the oldest of those Wellingtonias in Calaveras Grove is 1500 years, and some say they are 4000. Are they the oldest plants of all? It is not certain: the most astounding living creature I have ever beheld is the Dragon Tree of Icod and I could easily believe that this monstrous liliacious tree was 3000 years old. Its congener in Oratava was credited, before its fall, with 7000 years and, being hollow, had long served first as a Guanche shrine and later as a Christian chapel. A thousand years is a fair age for a Mexican *Echinocactus;* now there is a plant which really is slow-growing, for they say you can barely distinguish any increase within a man's lifetime.

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Advertiser's Announcement

Penguin, in their advertisement last week announcing the completion of the Penguin Lawrence, ascribed to Mr Richard Hoggart a professorship to which he makes no claim. They regret the embarrassment this doubtless caused him and apologise for the mistake. Penguin also wish to make good a number of omissions, *The Trial of Lady Chatterley* costs 3s 6d; and *The Intelligent Heart* 7s 6d; and *Selected Poems* is still in print at 3s 6d.

City Lights

TAURUS

The dinosaurs of the press have stuck to their clinch, each appealing self-righteously to the referee and waiting for the other to make the first move. The *Mirror* has taken an unprofessionally long time to get its formal offer printed; this has now been widened to cover the (voting) Preference shares of Odhams and went out in the middle of the week, providing Mr Thomson with the opportunity either to acknowledge defeat or to announce a counterbid. By Wednesday Odhams had decided to fight back.

The possibility of a counterbid has seemed slightly more real with each passing day of silence. The *Mirror* bid for Odhams was essentially an attempt to bluff Mr Thomson into dropping his merger scheme: it was based on the calculation that the *Mirror* was risking only the opportunity of a magazine monopoly, whereas Mr Thomson would risk the loss of his whole empire. But this sort of calculation may underestimate Mr Thomson's resourcefulness and his need to expand. Warburgs, who have a strong admiration for the ability of their former client, have expected trouble from the outset, and the *Mirror* too is now braced for it.

Nobody, however, is sure whether or not Mr Thomson has in fact succeeded in hatching out a counterbid or who his allies are likely to be. Bowater is apparently out: its long-term contract to supply paper to Odhams is proofed against take-overs. The *News of the World,* which lost Newnes to Odhams a couple of years ago, would like to be in there. On the one hand, it is ready to talk over with the *Mirror* the possibility of taking over the successful *People* as well as the unsuccessful *Herald* if the *Mirror* wins – particularly if it can get an assurance of work for its colour-printing subsidiary. But the *Mirror,* though as ready to offer the two papers to the Carrs as it was to offer them to Mr Thomson, will want a King-sized price, a price so high (as in its offer of Fleetway to Odhams) as to give it an intolerably large share in the equity of its customer. The *News of the World,* therefore, has reason for taking an interest in any anti-*Mirror* syndicate Mr Thomson may succeed in mobilising. Who else might conceivably join in? The Berrys probably have enough to worry about for the moment with their *Sunday Telegraph.* Lord Beaverbrook, though a warm admirer of his fellow-Canadian, is probably not yet old enough to confuse admiration with hard cash. Mr Thomson, however, is said to have been with Lord Rothermere last week-end in Nice; but Lord Rothermere is thought to be ill, and if he was persuaded to co-operate, he had best take care that Mr Thomson does not prove an even harder-headed business partner than Mr Drayton proved over AR-TV. Philip Hill, who have been acting for Dr Nkrumah as well as for Mr Thomson, are the only merchant bank to match Warburgs in the seriousness they apply to this sort of fight.

★ ★ ★

It was probably a mistake, when everyone was worrying about monopolies, for the Cotton-Clore property beast (the back and front are still separate but will be formally united within a few weeks) to announce its bid for its next largest competitor, the City of London Real Property Company: the anticipatory rise in share prices which signals

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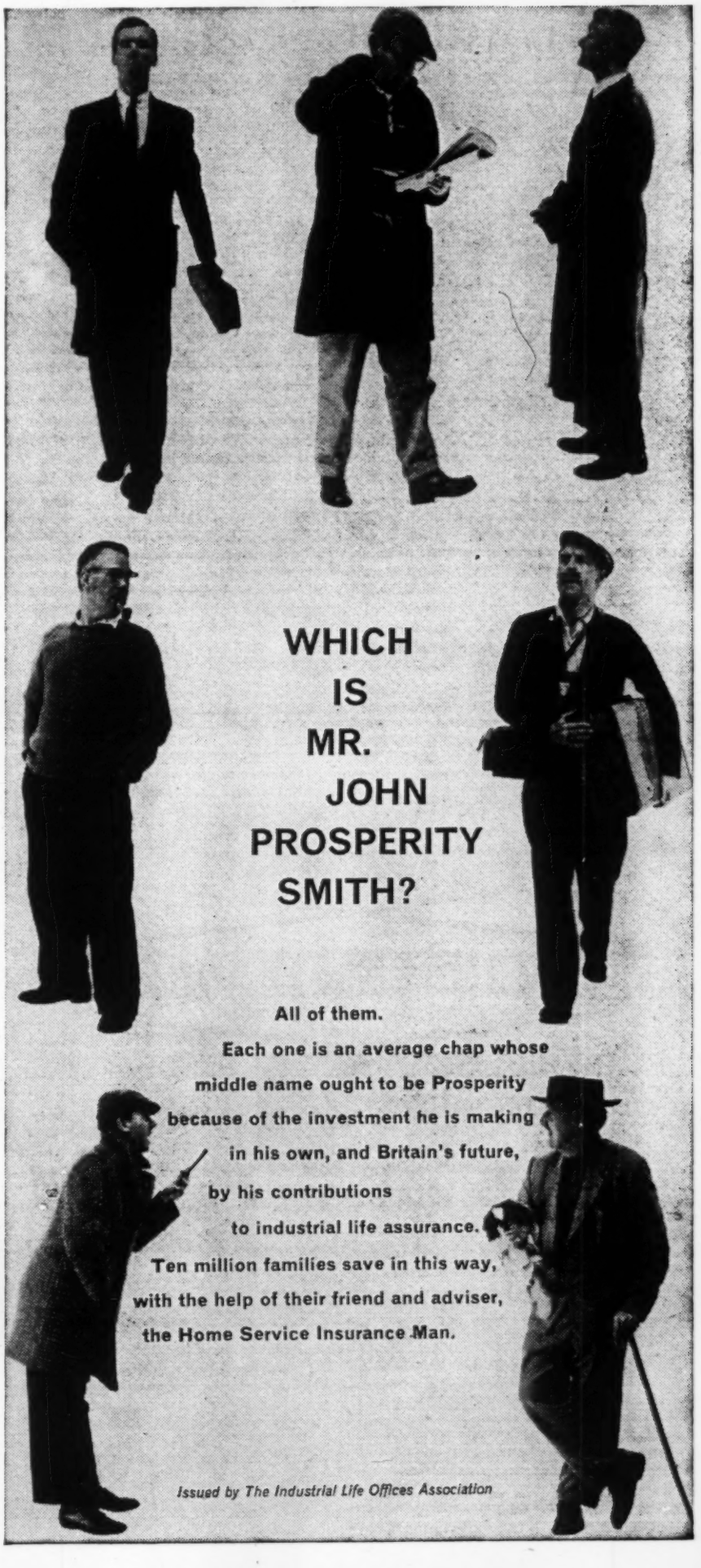
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A RESOUNDING RESULT

The following are extracts from the statement by Mr R. John Berridge (Chairman), circulated to Stockholders:

The Net Profit before Taxation was £31,303,554, an increase over the previous year of 10.68%. This follows the Jubilee Year increase of 10.50% on 1958 profit. The percentage rise in turnover was the highest rate of increase since 1954.

This success was made possible by the new and improved ranges of merchandise offered. Also much is due to the Company's policy of modernising and enlarging its branches, though quite a proportion of the higher volume of business was contributed by the many stores still awaiting attention, which will be given just as soon as it is practicable to do so.

CONSOLIDATED PROFIT AND LOSS

Net Profit before Taxation amounted to £31,303,554 compared with £28,283,712 for 1959, the increase being £3,019,842.

The Net Profit after Taxation is £14,855,737, an increase of £851,991.

The proposed Appropriation to General Reserve is £2,000,000, continuing the practice of previous years.

The Final Dividend recommended on Ordinary Stock is 1s. 3d. per unit (equal to 1s. 9d. per unit on Ordinary Stock prior to the Scrip Issue of 2 units for every 5 units held). The Total Dividend for 1960 on the Ordinary Capital before it was increased would have amounted to 2s. 6d. per unit, compared with 2s. 3d. per unit in respect of 1959 (excluding the special Golden Jubilee Bonus).

Resulting from Appropriations and Dividends, £2,145,082 is added to the Profit and Loss Account Balance carried forward to give a total of £5,479,507.

CONSOLIDATED BALANCE SHEET

FIXED ASSETS total £75,081,469 against £68,407,868.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES. Total investment in Subsidiary Companies appears on the balance sheet of the Parent Company at £2,053,648 against £1,973,382 at the end of the preceding year.

NET CURRENT ASSETS at £15,933,838 compare with £14,997,108 at the end of 1959.

STAFF

Stockholders would wish to join the board in expressing thanks to all members of the organisation for their personal contribution to the progress made during 1960.

CURRENT YEAR'S PROSPECTS

With the resounding result for the year just ended, I am confident that the same organisation which made it possible is fully capable of even better things—provided always that the spending power of the shopping public is maintained.

There appears to be no likelihood of a halt in overhead expenses, which can only be offset by the sale of more goods. I can do no more than give an assurance that the Company's stores will strive to obtain a larger proportion of the shopping public's spending power than in 1960.

I am relinquishing the Chairmanship of the Company at the end of next month for retirement. I take this opportunity of thanking all Stockholders for the generous support which they have accorded to me during the six years I have had the honour and pleasure of serving this great Company in the capacity of Chairman.

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most bids nowadays may have forced the beast to act quickly. The bid, which threatens to create the largest property group in the world, would more than double the Cotton-Clore equity, and its terms are not generous. Mr Cotton was probably optimistic in hoping that it would go through as sweetly as his arrangement with Mr Clore: Mr Clore calculates more coldly that there will be no rival bid because there is no large enough rival. But CLRP, the largest of the solid pre-war property groups, is one of the City's sound investments; and the City as a whole is up in arms, proclaiming that the Cotton-Clore, a rapidly-growing alliance whose reputation is based mainly on the hope that it can continue to grow as rapidly, is after CLRP's solid earnings and mortgageable assets and is offering little but its own highly valued paper in exchange. What the directors of CLRP can do, however, except to question the relative market valuation of its own shares and those of the Cotton-Clore, is not clear: if they manage to save their bacon, or at least to extract a more generous offer, it will be largely because of the sizeable chunk of the equity held by the directors and by insurance companies. This problem is Philip Hill's. A similar problem arose in the case of Bristol Brewery Georges, for which Mr Taylor's United Breweries, anxious to expand southwards, had made an extremely generous bid; the directors muttered something about a property revaluation and went off to consult Warburgs, but they have now received an even more generous counterbid from Courage Barclay & Simonds.

It is becoming the fashion for large groups to make generous paper bids for smaller companies merely for the sake of becoming larger, and they are not easy to fight off while the level of share prices in the market is the final arbiter. The individual shareholder, receiving such an apparently generous offer, can resolve his doubts by selling quickly for hard cash the paper he is given. But there is something much more important than this involved in the latest development of the bid craze, something which is beginning to worry even the City: people are beginning to admit that a new kind of anti-monopoly legislation may be needed to protect industry from the logic of the market-place.

Company News

Albright & Wilson, carrying on the steady process of concentration inside the chemical industry, is bidding £8½m for *W. J. Bush*: the shares rose well beforehand, but not the whole way.

British Space Development has been formed with the support of several of the large companies who hope to enjoy the benefit of government spending on civil projects when the military contracts run out.

Standard Motor, the Leyland offer discloses, is making 'substantial losses' at the moment.

Provident Clothing and Supply, a philanthropic venture which developed quickly into the largest check trading group in the world, has sold its capital to institutional investors.

Details will soon be out of the *Moss-Stoll* property revaluation: it is not clear whether these will affect the earnings of the group or the position of the chairman.

Mr Maxwell Joseph's *Grand Hotels* has increased its profit by 70 per cent.

The trading profit of *Imperial Tobacco*, which is suffering from competition and the high cost of advertising, has fallen again; but larger dividends from British American Tobacco have helped to maintain its total income.

The Chess Board

No. 587. The Pianist and the Chessmaster

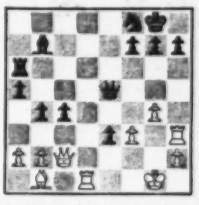
The more elderly of my readers may well remember Moriz Rosenthal who, in the first two or three decades of this century, ranked among the greatest pianists; as a Chopin player he certainly had no equal. Now it so happened that during the great 1927 New York tournament Edward Lasker gave a party to the assembled grandmasters, and among the guests was Rosenthal, a keen devotee of chess. Someone told Vidmar about the virtuoso's brilliantly witty rendering of Lehar's 'Gipsy love' and other musical comedy pieces, and Vidmar said: 'Well, there's a piano here; why not ask him?' – 'Don't be silly' he was told; 'didn't you know that his fee for a concert is $5,000?' Yet, when Rosenthal heard of Vidmar's request, he sat down at the piano there and then and enchanted his audience for nearly an hour. When he got up he turned to Vidmar. 'To night I have played for you', he said; 'tomorrow you are up against Nimzowitsch. I'll be there, and you are going to play for me.' Vidmar tells us that he considered it a *point d'honneur* to win that game. Here is it.

1) P-K3, P-Q4; 2) Kt-KB3, Kt-KB3; 3) P-QKt3, B-Kt5 [Well aware that Vidmar wasn't too well versed in what at that time was still called 'hyper-modern' chess Nimzowitsch hoped to confuse him in the opening; but Vidmar (as he tells us) knew very well that his opponent wished to exert pressure on e5 and, hence, hoped for . . . P-QB4 and a chance to swop his KB for the Black QKt. Vidmar was determined to thwart that scheme]; 4) B-Kt2, QKt-Q2? [Vidmar is proud of this move because it did the thwarting, and he thinks that such psychological warfare caused his opponent's next two aimless moves]; 5) P-KR3, B-R4; 6) B-K2 [Maybe, he was still hoping for . . . P-QB4]. P-K3; 7) Kt-K5, BxB; 8) QxB, B-Q3; 9) KtxKt, QxKt; 10) P-QB4, P-B3; 11) 0-0, 0-0-0! [Vidmar's exclamation mark. He tells us that before castling Q-side he glanced at the great virtuoso sitting in the front row and he felt in duty bound to make that courageous move, the bugle-call, as it were, for the attack to come]; 12) Kt-B3, B-B2; 13) P-Q4, P-KR4; 14) P-B5, P-KKt4; 15) P-QKt4, P-R5; 16) P-Kt5, QR-Kt1; 17) PxP, PxP; 18) P-B3, Kt-R4; 19) P-K4, P-B4; 20) PxQP, KPxP; 21) QR-K1, P-Kt5!; 22) RPxP, BPxP; 23) PxP, RxP; 24) KtxP [Desperation, but his best chance in the circumstances]. P-R6!; 25) Kt-K7 ch, K-Kt2; 26) R-B3, RxP ch; 27) QxR, PxQ; 28) P-Q5, Q-Kt5!; 29) R-Kt3 ch, K-R1; 30) BxR, Q-KR5; 31) P-Q6, QxR ch; 32) KxP, B-Q1; 33) B-Q4 [Vidmar tells us of Nimzo's poker-face while setting this neat little trap. Obviously, if Black were to grab the B after the Q-check, White would win the Q by R-Kt8 ch, followed by KtxBP]. BxKt; 34) PxB, QxP; 35) B-B2, Q-K5 ch;

Here Nimzowitsch resigned, and Vidmar walked over to Moriz Rosenthal's ringside seat. 'Are you satisfied, maestro?' 'Indeed I am', said the pianist; 'we are quits.'

I took this from Vidmar's memoirs just published by *de Gruyter* under the title *Goldene Schachzeiten* (DM 16.80). A most entertaining book to which I'll revert more than once. It is full of the author's lively memories of Lasker, Tarrasch, Rubinstein, Alekhine and a good many other contemporaries. As for Janowski, one of Vidmar's favourite 'skittle' partners, tempers rose when the Polish grandmaster voiced his disapproval of traps. He considered them undignified. So Vidmar compromised by shouting *'Achtung Falle!'* whenever he set a trap.

A: Milan Vidmar 1907



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced the win very neatly in a few moves. How? **B** (for 6 points) is one of Vidmar's few studies. I used it six years ago, but it can bear repetition. White to win. For 7 ladder-points **C** is a draw, quite a classic and not too difficult. Usual prizes. Entries by 19 February.

B: M. Vidmar. /16/2P1kpp1/1R2p3/1b3PP1/4B1K1/8/1r6/.

C: Henri Rinck. /3Kt4/8/3k1P2/16/2p2p1p/7P/7K/.

REPORT on No. 584 Set 20 January

A: 35) P=Q ch, RxQ; 36) Q-Kt7 ch, R-B2; 37) B-B6 ch, K-K1; 38) Q-Kt8 ch and mates next move.

B: 1) R-B2 ch, K-Kt6; 2) R-B2!! etc. Or 1) . . . K-R6; 2) K-Q1!, K-Kt6; 3) R-B2!, B-Kt6; 4) K-B1 etc.

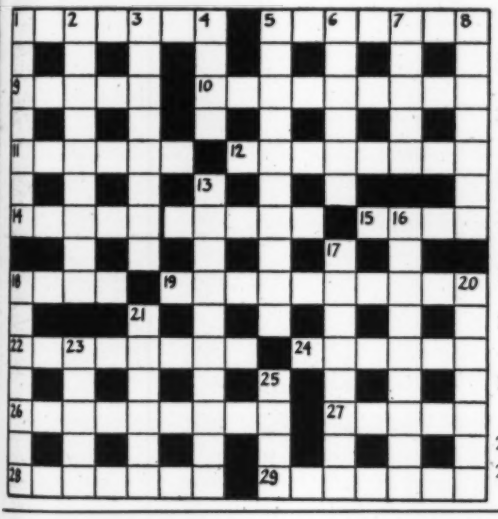
C: 1) R-Q8 ch, K-Kt2; 2) R-Q3, B-B3 ch; 3) K-Kt4, P-Kt7; 4) R-Kt3 ch, K-B3; 5) K-B5!, B-Kt2; 6) K-Q4, P-R4; 7) K-K3, P-R5; 8) K-B2!, PxR; 9) K-Kt1, etc.

An easy lot and many correct solutions. Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, C. H. Brown, S. N. Collings, C. Sansom, J. J. Walsh.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 444

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 444, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 21 February.



ACROSS

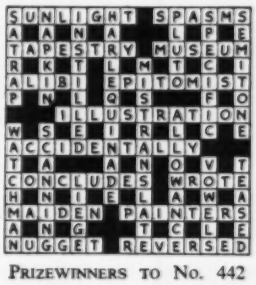
1. Headdress without a piece for the home (7).
5. Prominent features when one has to be mixing with stars (7).
9. The sound of the organ (5).
10. Actors' entrance backs a modern play about the ancient (9).
11. They are not all square though the sides are evenly matched (6).
12. Fixed the honest among those possibly dead (8).
14. The papers give advice on the care of clothes (5, 5).
15. Legislation which covers most of the data (4).
18. 'I love long life better than ——' (*Antony and Cleopatra*) (4).
19. Bumped into a motoring friend concerned with part of the body (10).
22. Sailors in the drink (8).
24. So this strait would be restraining (6).
26. Bully the clever after school (9).
27. Concerned with an objection about nothing (5).
28. Favour fixed in the memory (7).
29. With the king Laurence is more severe (7).

DOWN

1. It sounds like the century for Germanophobia (7).
2. Giving when the finest are in debt (9).
3. Furniture for big lads (8).
4. Half shortest river (4).
5. Biscuit which makes the spirit break (10).
6. Hell – before the car (6).
7. A duck in this game would be a reverse for the army (5).
8. 'With Tarquin's ravishing ——' (*Macbeth*) (7).
13. Something in the garden looks posh in coloured stockings (10).
16. Island grain from the edge of the tropics (9).
17. White is soft on a drink and loud on a winner (8).
18. Girl unlike the PM? (7).
20. Spill for one who gets off (7).
21. Turn up though motionless about five (6).
23. Men with anger in their hearts (5).
25. Information from all quarters (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 442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TAPESTRY MUSEUM
R K T L M T C I
ALIBI EPITOMIST
P N L O S F O
ILLUSTRATION
W S E I R L C E
ACCIDENTALLY
T A A N O V T
CONCLUDES WROTE
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NUGGET REVERSED

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 442

Peter Rainey (Southport)
W. Willmott (London W2)
W. I. Morgan (Wednesbury)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

FOURTH lady reqd to share Hampstead flat, 2½ gns. KIL. 0556 evenings.

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CHELSEA. Writer (f.) has ideal home for professional woman, 25-40. Own room and share house. FLAxman 3258.

FEMALE student offered room, kitchen, use bath in exchange some housework. No children. NEW. 6871 (evenings).

HAMPSTEAD. Large, quiet, double bedsitter, comf. kitchen/diner, c.h.w., bathrm. References. MAI. 3777 after 1 p.m.

W9. Single bed-sit. Use of kit., bath (c.h.w.) and tel. Box 221.

VLGE mod. furn. bed-sit. rm, newly dec., hidden sink, water. Splen. view over gdn & park. Detchd hse. Prof. fam. £4 p.w. Train 12 mins City & Vic. FOR. 1374.

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HIGHGATE Woods: small s/c. furn. flat, 2 rms, kit./bath, use frig. All elec. 1 person. 4 gns. MOU. 5196 after 6.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

NEWLY decorated furn. bed-sit. plus kitchenette, Regent's Pk; share shower-room. Own entrance. 4 gns weekly. Single professional woman. PRI. 6947.

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SHARE small secluded flat, furn. Own b./s., use kit. & bathrm. St. John's Wd, Maida Vale. Suit men. £3 each. Box 605.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35 from 52s. 6d. to 90s., partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

OURS is a personal service. We inspect all the quality flats, flatlets and bed-sitting-rooms in Hampstead and surrounding areas and can therefore give you complete information regarding the accom. you require. Personal Accommodation Services, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

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ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

PEMBROKESHIRE. Single caravan on coastal farm; fully equipped, sleep 5. Box 548.

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S. CORNWALL. Family house to let. Ideal spring and summer holidays. Unique character and position. Safe bathing. All electric. Piano. Annexe if required. Details: Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd, NW11.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

TWO young ladies and four bookcases req. a furn. or partly-furn. flat in the Harrow area, pref. with two study-bedrooms and kit./dining-room. Please contact Personnel Officer, 2 St John's Rd, Harrow.

YOUNG architect seeks unfurnished flat in London for self and wife: Knott, 48 Cranley Gardens, London, SW7.

SWISS seeks accom. with an English family, Northern Line (Nth). Box 571.

LONDON flat required 2-4 weeks from 25 March-22 April. Box 383.

S/C. unf. flat wtd by business woman. 2/3 rms. Max £350 p.a. Cent. Ldn. Box 677.

YNG grad. reqs rm/flatlet cent Ldn. Own basin, use phone. Mod. rent. Box 662.

BANK clerk (f.), own piano, little used, req. b/s or flatlet. Hampstead, Golders Grn. Careful tenant. Refs. Box 550.

N/NW. Sec. (26), urgent. skg share flat, poss. (not essen.) where some furniture plus decrepit TV welc. SPE. 8092.

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PROFESSIONAL woman (musical) seeks s/c. furn. flat NW London. GUL. 8978.

WANTED: cottage/house North Wales from 24 March-7 April. Box 461.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence 90s. per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

BRITISH COUNCIL

invites applications for appointments in the Home Division, Grade G, mostly in London. Duties include the administration of programmes, with placing and welfare services, for students and senior professional visitors from overseas.

Qualifications: Candidates should have a university degree or other appropriate training, administrative aptitude, and desirably relevant experience.

Appointments fall into either of the following two categories:

A. General Service Entry (United Kingdom): Candidates (men or women) under 30. Career appointments which may lead to Established service, with transfer and promotion opportunities. Starting salary up to £788 (London, age 25 or over), rising to £1,184.

B. Appointments for older women: Some of the appointments are open to women (married or single) over 40 and preferably under 50. Starting salary according to qualifications and experience, up to £1,184.

Contributory superannuation scheme, applicable to all those (medically fit) appointed under 50 (or over 50 if able to transfer from other schemes). Five-day week.

Write, quoting G.2.NS(61) A or B as applicable, and enclosing stamped, addressed foolscap envelope to Director, Recruitment Department, British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1, for further particulars and application form to be returned by 23 February.

PROMOTION OFFICER COUNCIL OF INDUSTRIAL DESIGN

An Officer is required to steer the general promotional work of the Council. The duties will include the editing of publications, preparation of themes for exhibitions, co-ordination of projects, and liaison with outside bodies, especially in sound and television broadcasting, and film. Applicants should have an Arts degree, evidence of published work, public relations experience and some acquaintance with the fields of art or design. The age limits are 28-40. The salary scale is £1,400-£1,800, the starting point depending on experience.

There is a pension scheme and approximately 4½ weeks holiday a year. Further details and an application form may be obtained from the Establishment Officer (quoting No. 110), CoID, 28 Haymarket, SW1.

THE UNIVERSITY OF STELLENBOSCH

CHAIR OF FRENCH

Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post at the University of Stellenbosch, Union of South Africa.

Salary Scale: £1,950 x 60 – £2,250 x 50 – £2,400 p.a. Qualifications and experience will be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary.

Candidates must be in possession of a doctor's degree or equivalent qualification in French. Experience in research and teaching will be a strong recommendation.

The successful candidate will be head of the Department of French, and will be required to teach linguistics and literature to both undergraduate and postgraduate students.

Applicants must state earliest date on which duties can be assumed.

Applications together with certified copies of certificates and testimonials, as well as full particulars regarding ability to teach by medium of English, Dutch or Afrikaans, and a complete curriculum vitæ, must reach the Registrar, University of Stellenbosch, by 11 March 1961.

THE CO-OPERATIVE UNION LIMITED

DEVELOPMENT DEPARTMENT

Applications are invited for the position of a senior Assistant in the Department. The successful applicant will be mainly concerned with financial advisory work, but should also have a good co-operative and economic background. The commencing salary will be £1,200 per annum.

Applications forms, terms and conditions of service may be obtained from the Development Officer, Co-operative Union Limited, Holyoake House, Hanover Street, Manchester, 4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

THREE NIGERIAN INSTRUCTORS

required by leading commercial and industrial group to instruct apprentices and others in modern well equipped and expanding schools.

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Two other vacancies require candidate with at least full Technological Certificate of the City & Guilds in Workshop Practice or Plant Engineering or equivalent qualification as marine engineer. Required to instruct apprentices on the syllabus of the Intermediate City & Guilds of London Institute on Workshop Practice.

These positions are of senior staff standing and although salary will be dependent on qualifications and experience it will not be less than £1,000 per annum. Contributory pension fund, free medical attention in Africa, furnished accommodation at nominal rental. Other terms of service explained at interview. Reply giving age, qualifications and experience to Box 607.

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Applications with photograph to the Directors, Anglo-Continental School of English, 31-33 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.

CHURCH ASSEMBLY

THE BOARD FOR SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY

Applications are invited for the following posts becoming vacant in the summer of 1961:

1. Assistant Secretary (man or woman) to be primarily responsible for the work of that part of the Board at present called the Moral Welfare Council. This senior and responsible post requires organizing ability and a wide knowledge of the general field of social work. It involves considerable travel and public speaking. University qualification essential. Salary scale APT IV. (approx).
2. A member of staff to assist primarily in the recruitment and training of moral welfare workers. Recent experience in this branch of social work essential. University qualification desirable. Salary scale APT III (approx).

Applicants should be members of the Church of England. Full details from the Secretary of the Church Assembly, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, SW1.

NURSERY DEPUTY

SUPERINTENDENT WANTED

Deputy Superintendent (resident) required at Nanhurst, a residential training nursery near Cranleigh, Surrey, for 70 children (0-7 years), deprived of a normal home life. Previous residential experience essential and nursing qualifications desirable.

Salary (under review) probably £720 x £25 – £795 less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. 6 weeks leave including Bank Holidays.

Apply to Children's Officer (WDO/S/349/2), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT

Psychiatric Social Worker or social worker with casework experience required at Parent Guidance Clinic for work with parents of under school age children showing behaviour problems. Salary scale as prescribed by appropriate Whitley Council. Medical examination. Pension Scheme. Further information from and applications to Medical Officer of Health, Council House, Congreve Street, Birmingham 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

READING EDUCATION COMMITTEE

RESIDENT ASSISTANT (woman) required for Mockbeggar Child Guidance Hostel. Salary scale: £420-£535 per annum, less £120 per annum for board, lodging, etc. An additional payment may be made for approved qualifications.

Application form and particulars obtainable from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading. Completed forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

EAST SUSSEX EDUCATION COMMITTEE

Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited for the post of PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER for the BEXHILL Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised training course. Salary in accordance with the Whitley Council Professional and Technical Council 'A' Scale.

Further particulars and application forms, which should be returned as soon as possible, obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Lewes.

CITY OF LEEDS CARE OF CHILDREN DEPARTMENT

CHILD CARE OFFICERS (FEMALE)

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons (Child Care Certificate or similar qualification) for vacant posts of Child Care Officers. Understanding of and interest in the needs of children deprived of a normal home-life essential. Applications will be considered from persons in training for Child Care qualifications and whose studies will be completed in the relatively near future.

Salary: National Scale £665-£975 per annum.

Application forms and full particulars can be obtained from the Children's Officer, 229 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from qualified women preferably holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care, for two posts of Child Care Officer. Salary within the scale £665 to £975. Application forms from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable by 16 Feb. 1961.

ESSEX

RAINSFORD YOUTH CENTRE & SENIOR EVENING INSTITUTE, CHELMSFORD

Applications are invited for the post of full-time WARDEN of this Centre. The Youth Centre offers formal classes in commercial and craft subjects and recreational activities for over 400 members.

The Senior Evening Institute offers similar classes for over 200 adults.

Candidates should hold a degree, teaching certificate or Diploma/Certificate in Social Studies or Youth Leadership, and must have had experience in Youth work and/or teaching.

Salary in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for Wardens of Youth Centres, viz. £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 per annum. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions.

Further details and application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford. Closing date 20 February 1961.

AMERICA

The Principal, Overseas Staff Agency (Licensed Herts County Council), Rickmansworth, is available to discuss fully, secretarial or child care posts in the US, prior to her annual visit. Excellent opportunities, air fares advanced. All employers known or personally recommended.

NURSES and Attendants are required in a Home looking after elderly Jewish blind people. Excellent conditions both as regards pay and accommodation. Pleasant atmosphere. Mental nursing experience an advantage. Contact Matron, Springdene, 29 Oakleigh Park North, Totteridge, N20 (Tel. HILLside 1802).

COMPTONS Clew (Horsham) Housing Society. Vacancies exist for both Housekeeper and Cook in Vegetarian Home for elderly ladies, 10 residents. No smoking. Attractive accommodation.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

The Prison Welfare Service presents a new challenge to social workers. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men or women for the post of Prison Welfare Officer at HM Prison, Gloucester. Adequate experience in social work is essential and a social science qualification desirable. Commencing salary, as for Probation Service, £835 (age 29 and above) with six increments to £1,025.

Further details and application forms (returnable by 28 February 1961) from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

Resident Assistant Housemother required at Forest Lodge, Sherwood Rise, Nottingham, a pleasant hostel for fourteen girls at work or in training and three resident staff. A furnished bed-sitting room is available. Salary £420 x £20 to £460 x £25 to £535, less £120 p.a. for board and lodging, plus £30 if person appointed possesses approved qualification. Four weeks' holiday annually.

For further particulars and application form write to Mrs M. R. Spence, Children's Officer, Shire Hall, Nottingham, quoting Est. 191.

A. R. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF WOLVERHAMPTON

ADDITIONAL POST

Applications are invited for the appointment of a CHILD CARE OFFICER (female).

Child Care Certificate or equivalent. Commencing salary within the new scale £665 to £975 per annum according to qualifications. Further particulars and forms of application from Children's Officer, 5 Exchange Street, Wolverhampton.

NATURE

Applications are invited for a post on the editorial staff of NATURE.

A university degree in science or technology is essential, and preference will be given to a candidate who has worked in science or industry for at least two years since graduation.

Particulars and references should be sent to: The Manager, Nature Office, Macmillan and Co. Ltd, St Martin's Street, London, WC2.

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UNITED Kingdom Technical Assistance. Applications are invited for appointments as Lecturers in (1) Accountancy (2) Secretaryship at the Training Centre, situated at Pataling Jaya, 5 miles from Kuala Lumpur, Malaya. Applicant should be (1) a Chartered Accountant with tutorial experience capable of lecturing up to the standard required for final professional examinations. (2) A Chartered Secretary capable of lecturing up to the standard required for Part II of the examination of the Chartered Institute of Secretaries. Age limits: 30 to 45 years. Duration: Three years. Salaries for both posts £1,550 to £1,850 per annum (subject to UK income tax); plus generous tax free allowances. For further information and application form write to Ministry of Labour (E 9), 26-28 King Street, London, SW1, quoting E9/TCS/MAL/(1)913(2)924.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Department of Tutorial Classes. Applications invited for following positions in Department of Tutorial Classes: Assistant Director, Staff Tutor – Newcastle, Staff Tutor – Western Region. Applicants for these positions must possess an Honours degree in Arts or Economics and have had previous experience in the field of adult education. For the position of Staff Tutor at Newcastle preference will be given to candidates in the fields of Economics, Modern Political Theory, or international relations. Salary for the Assistant Director will be £A3,300 per annum and for the Staff Tutors within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum, the commencing salary within this range to be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicants. In all cases, cost of living adjustments will be allowed, and the salary will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 17 March 1961.

THE University of Alberta at Edmonton invites application for positions of Assistant Professor of Philosophy at an annual salary of $6,000 to $7,000 depending on training and experience. Applications will be welcomed from candidates qualified to teach ancient philosophy at the undergraduate and graduate level, and one of the appointees will be required to teach an introductory course in elementary logic, semantics and scientific method; but candidates with other interests are encouraged to apply. Applicants for the positions should send a curriculum vitæ, a recent photograph, and the names of three references to the Dean, Faculty of Arts and Science, University of Alberta, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, by 15 March 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited from graduates or persons with professional accounting qualifications for the post of Temporary Lecturer in Accounting in the Faculty of Economic and Social Studies. Duties to commence on 1 October 1961 or as soon as possible thereafter. The appointment will be made for a period extending to 30 September 1963. Salary on scale £1,050-£1,850 per annum; initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 18 February 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

SPRINGFIELD Hospital, Beechcroft Road, Upper Tooting, SW17. Senior Psychologist required for research, with a practical orientation towards the rehabilitation of chronic schizophrenics as well as experimental studies into schizophrenic deficits. Previous experience in Clinical Psychology and/or research desirable. Applics to Group Secretary immediately.

BBC requires Reporter based in Southampton to work to News Editor, West Region in Bristol. Duties comprise reporting of current events in the Region and in particular in East Dorset, Wiltshire, Hampshire, the Isle of Wight and West Sussex, interviewing at the microphone and on television. Professional experience in Press or broadcasting journalism essential; knowledge of the area an advantage. Ability to drive a car also necessary. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. If no fully qualified candidate available, initial appointment may be in grade range £1,230-£1,580 p.a. with prospect of later promotion. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.43 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

GT BRITAIN-born Translator reqd urgently by International Organisation in Brussels. Candidates must be capable translating trade union, economic and social subjects French, German, Spanish into English and correcting English written by others. Preferably possessing Hons. Degree, they must have excellent knowledge all three languages or if only two be willing acquire third. Good remuneration and conditions, regular increments, liberal annual vacation and retirement scheme. Apply (own handwriting) stating age, qualifications, experience, etc. to Box 530.

HOUSEMASTER (resident, married or single) required as a result of recently authorised increase in staff to make up a complement of four at Mayford, Woking, Surrey, an intermediate approved school for 110 boys. Ability to supervise leisure activities, hobbies, recreation etc. essential. The work calls for an equable personality and a genuine concern for boys of unstable temperaments and varying abilities. Appropriate qualifications and/or experience desirable. Salary within scale £675-£980 less £138 for single furnished accommodation, board, lodging and laundry. Annual leave 8 weeks. (If married, possibility of employment of wife as housemother). Apply Children's Officer (WDO/N/344/2), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

SPRINGFIELD & Swinton Hospitals Managements Committee, Springfield Hospital, Manchester, 8. (800 beds). Applications are invited for the post of (a) Principal Clinic Psychologist – £1,425-£1,725; (b) Senior Clinic Psychologist – £1,025-£1,425 from holders of an Honours degree in Psychology of a British University (or qualifications approved by the Ministry of Health), having appropriate experience as laid down in PTA 72. Additional post-graduate qualifications would be an advantage. Applicants for (a) should indicate clearly if they do not wish to be considered for (b). Both posts will involve considerable responsibility in this hospital for the organisation and development of (a) psychological services, (b) research and (c) teaching of psychology to student nurses and other groups. The hospital has been designated the first of a number of centres for training Clinical Psychologists; the Principal Psychologist will be responsible for training facilities and with the Senior Psychologist supervise all trainee psychologists attached to the hospital. Additional information is available on request from the Physician Superintendent. Terms and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Applications, with the names of two referees – at least one of whom should be a psychologist – to be sent to the Group Secretary, within 14 days after the appearance of this advertisement.

KING'S College Hospital, Denmark Hill, SE5. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker at the Child Guidance Clinic of the Belgrave Hospital for Children. Applicants should have suitable experience in child guidance and must hold the Mental Health Certificate of a recognised course of training. Salary and conditions of service according to the Whitley Council Agreement. The Clinic is psychoanalytically orientated. Personal analysis will be considered an advantage. It is a teaching clinic for medical students, psychiatric social worker students and student teachers of maladjusted children. Information concerning the post can be obtained from Dr Lorna Wheelan or Mr Midwinter, Senior Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the undersigned by 17 February. J. D. Banks, House Governor.

WESTMINSTER Hospital, SW1. Psychiatric Social Worker (female) needed, qualified or fully experienced, for work with adults and children, Out-Patients and In-Patients. NHS salary scale. Hospital may be visited by arrangement. Applications with names of two referees to Assistant Secretary.

WEST Stowell House, an annexe of Pewsey Hospital, is a special unit for the treatment and care of 40 psychotic children. Vacancies exist for houseparents, previous experience of residential child care, either with normal children, or in residential establishments for the ESN or maladjusted, or mental health work. Persons specially interested but inexperienced in this work, would be considered. A staff of psychiatrists, psychologists and social workers participate in the work of the unit, and the duties of those appointed would be primarily to establish good relationships with children in their family group. This work is new, and the intensive experience gained would be valuable for those preparing for advancement in conventional child care work, both residential and in the field. Unfurnished house available. Further details and application forms can be obtained from: The Physician Superintendent, Pewsey Hospital, Pewsey, Wilts.

MIDDLESEX County Council – Education Dept. Vocational Guidance Officer (male) reqd in Education Department at Westminster. Duties connected with advisory work for older school leavers. Good education essential. Exper. in similar work or in teaching older pupils desirable. Salary APT I/II combined £645-£960 plus London Weighting up to £40. Commencing salary accdg. to exper. & quals. Prescribed conditions. Application forms (s.a.e.) from Chief Education Officer (GP), 10 Gt George Street, SW1 returnable by 18 February. (Quote F425 NS&N).

LITERARY Agent, W8, requires part-time secretary. Good shorthand-typing and commonsense more important than knowledge of books and publishers, although this would be useful. Write Box 523.

LONDON County Council. Cumberlow Lodge Remand Home, Chalfont Road, South Norwood, SE25 (for girls). Qualified mistress for general subjects required. Candidates should have good secondary school experience and be able to interest adolescent girls under stress. Ability to offer arts and crafts, and to assist in the preparation of reports for courts and schools, an advantage. Single accommodation possibly available at a moderate charge. Burnham (London) scale salary with Home Office addition of £60 a year. Eight weeks holiday a year. Teachers considering this work are invited to visit the home to see the work being done and assess the requirements of the post. Arrangements to visit may be made directly with the Warden, tel. No. LIV. 2347. Application form TS.40 obtainable from and returnable within 14 days to the Education Officer (TS.5/N/379/2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, SE1. Stamford House Remand Home and Classifying Centre, 206A Goldhawk Road, W12. Qualified master required for the post of practical vocational teacher in charge of a Woodwork shop with subsidiary crafts. The special nature of this post requires some knowledge of objective testing and the ability to evaluate the practical capabilities and vocational needs of boys up to 17 years of age. It offers wide scope to a teacher of imagination, initiative and insight. The teacher appointed would be a member of a specialised team working in very close co-operation with Psychiatrists, Psychologists and Social Workers. Burnham scale with Home Office addition of £120 a year. Residence may be offered to a single person. A resident teacher would be required to make the appropriate payment for board and residence (now £135 a year) but would receive £216 a year in return for extraneous duties averaging not less than 15 hours a week. Eight weeks holiday a year. Application form TS.40 obtainable from and returnable within 14 days to Education Officer (TS.5/N/379/2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, SE1.

RESIDENT Teacher required in September 1961 at school for 25 maladjusted boys aged 10 to 16, of average to high average intelligence. The school is owned by an independent educational trust. The therapeutic work of the school is based on building up good personal relationships rather than on an externally imposed discipline. A real sympathy with and understanding of the problems of emotionally disturbed boys is essential, and the teacher will be expected to work as a member of a treatment team. Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for Special Schools, in addition to full residential emoluments in return for extraneous duties outside school hours. The trust would prefer to appoint a married man, and in this case full-time or part-time work in the school would be available for his wife. Apply: The Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

MAYFAIR School requires Teacher Sh./typing and Commercial subjects. Experience essential. Full/part-time. Box 634.

EAST London Settlement. Resident Deputy-Head required in April. General responsibilities combined with charge of Old People's Day Centre and Workshop. Salary according to experience. Apply: The Head, St Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, London, E2.

HOUSEFATHER for small experimental hostel for working boys (ESN school leavers) in Blackheath area. Applications from young men interested in gaining practical experience in all aspects of residential work welcomed. Salary £500 x £25 – £600; less £125 p.a. board/lodging. Further details and application forms from Residential Services Dept, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

A UNIQUE opportunity occurs for young educated woman interested in children and educational problems to gain practical experience and discuss views and ideas on education. She will do the work of a nursery mother, have board and full residence in beautiful country house, earn £3 weekly without deductions and enjoy 12 weeks annual holidays during school holiday periods. Apply to Dr F. de Havas, Salmons Cross School, Holmbury St Mary, Surrey.

DRYAD Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St (near British Museum) need young lady assistant, preferably with some knowledge of crafts. A knowledge of shorthand would be useful. Good position and salary for suitable person. Applns to The Manageress.

ST ALBANS Co-operative Society Limited. Applications are invited for the appointments of Education and Training Officer with responsibilities in Staff Training and Education, Member Education and Youth Work. Commencing salary £925 per annum. Co-operative qualifications and experience will be given due weight. Application form and further details from the Secretary and Executive Officer at 42 Victoria Street, St Albans, Herts, to whom applications should be returned not later than 27 February 1961.

THE RACS Education Committee seeks Youth Organiser for South London. Interesting and varied work. 30 groups of the Co-operative Youth Movement – ages 7 to 21 years – members of SCNVYO. Salary £700 to £800 according to qualifications and experience plus bonus. Transport provided. Further details and application form from RACS Limited, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, London, SE10.

SENIOR Administrative Assistant wanted, interesting progressive post. Commencing salary £575-£650 according to qualifications and experience. Pension scheme. Some assistance with housing if required. Apply to J. P. M. Millar, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry.

CITIZENS' Advice Bureau Service in Central London. Social workers needed with suitable experience and qualifications for work in the Family Welfare Association's CAB service. Training provided during which salary paid. When trained salary £525 x £25 to £675 p.a. Scale up to £800 p.a. for posts of special responsibility. Apply in writing to the CAB Liaison Officer, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

SECOND Chance for Women – education, for personal development, purposeful leisure, responsible employment. One-year residential course for women over 20. English Language and Literature, Economics, History, Psychology, etc. (Accepted preparation for professional training in teaching and social work). Recognized by Ministry of Education. No examinations. Grants available – apply at once. Secretary (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

BOOK Publishers require assistant for advertising and publicity. Good lay-outs essential; excellent prospects in growing firm. Salary according to age & exper. Write Barrie & Rockliff, 2 Clements Inn, WC2.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering requires Library Assistant for technical library. Some library experience and typing ability desirable, with interest in photographic records and slides. Promotion prospects; 5-day week; staff restaurant. Salary: £5 9s. per week at age 17 rising to £11 7s. 6d., with starting salary limited to £9 10s. 6d. at age 25. Application forms from Secretary, NIAE, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

CONTEMPORARY History Institute requires Research Assistant with some editorial ability. German essential. State experience, salary. Box 691.

EDITOR minor trade magazine (IV) requires General Assistant. Good copy typing and telephone manner. Some figures. Varied work. Moderate salary. Box 594.

HOUSEMOTHER reqd for pioneer work dealing with broken families. Some nursing exper. Suit widow with child. Apply Hicks, 36 Dale Rd, Purley. UPL. 2122.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service requires assistant for administration of grants and loans for village halls. Attention to detail essential; interest in rural affairs desirable. Starting salary £600. S.a.e. marked 'Rural' to 26 Bedford Square, WC1, for further particulars and application forms. Closing date 1 March.

GENERAL Manager wanted for new Continuous Stationery and specialised Printing Firm in pleasant country town within easy reach of London. The post calls for much imagination and ingenuity as the Company is designing and building its own machinery and training a body of unskilled workers in a non-Industrial area. Box 601.

AMENITY Organisation with 12,000 members has a vacancy for a Secretary/Shorthand Typist. Applicants should have speeds of 120/60, previous experience in the preparation of reports, committee agenda and minutes, and be able to assist in the compilation of 'copy' for publications. State age, education, career and present salary in writing to the Ramblers Association Ltd., 48 Park Road, Baker Street, NW1, and mark envelope 'TS/SEC'.

BAILLIERE, Tindall & Cox Limited, 7 & 8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, WC2, have a vacancy in their Magazine Subscription Dept, for an intelligent lady about 40. Typing essential. Interesting job with own responsibilities. Commencing salary £10 per week. Hours 9-5.30, 5 day week. Two weeks paid holiday this year. Ring TEMple Bar 3386.

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, has vacancies for two sh/typists, one in the Exhibitions dept the other in the Education dept. Starting salaries £9 a week; LV's 2s. a day. Telephone HYD. 9001.

AUTHOR, poet, journalist, seeks part-time secretary. Good shorthand, personable. Box 586.

JUNIOR Typist for interesting general office work. 5 day wk. Pay accdg exp. Socialist Medical Association, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8. (WES. 7770).

LIGHTING SUPERVISOR REQUIRED

GRANADA TV have a vacancy at their Manchester Television Centre for a Lighting Supervisor.

Applicants must have had television lighting experience and be fully conversant with lighting console operation. Applicants should write giving details of previous experience to

NORMAN PRICE
PERSONNEL MANAGER,
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MANCHESTER 3.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

ADMINISTRATIVE assistant, woman over 30, reqd to run Temporary Section of small West End Staff Bureau. Interesting work with scope for initiative. Box 707.

PEACE News, the Voice of non-violent action, requires another member for its editorial team of enthusiastic unilateralists. 5 Caledonian Road, London, N1.

BAILLIERE, Tindall & Cox Ltd, 7 & 8 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, WC2, old established Medical and Veterinary publishers require two competent part-time shorthand/typists with good educational background to assist Director's Secretary. Interesting and varied work involving filing and keeping records as well as correspondence. Hours by arrangement. No Saturdays. Two weeks' holiday this year. Rate 5s. per hour. Ring TEMple Bar 3386.

FOR the literary-minded, two interesting jobs to do with Books, Education and Exhibitions. Winifred Johnson Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages) HOL 0390.

ATTRACTIVE young lady (age 23/27) to train as Manageress for shop selling exclusively Scandinavian and other European glassware. Excellent prospects and salary. Apply to: The Continental Glass Shop Ltd, 317 Euston Road, NW1.

ST MARYLEBONE Labour Party, 88 Park Road, NW1 requires part-time secretary, 3 afternoons a week, 3-7 p.m. Typing & office experience essential, shorthand desirable. Tel. PRI. 0092 before 10 a.m.

UNIVERSITY Press needs, at its London office, a stenographer who will enjoy work in a bookish and friendly atmosphere. Box 602.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

CULTURED housekeeper for gentleman, pleasant country cottage Sussex. Widow with child preferred. Full particulars please to Box 9659.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

TALENTED young painter (m.) seeks interesting part-time post/work. Portraits, murals, teaching; suggestions. Box 582

LIBERAL-minded woman, 40, with progressive convictions seeks interesting post of responsibility where initiative, integrity, vision, ability have value. Box 222.

WELL-educated lady, in London end March, seeks free-lance work or employment demanding writing ability, exp. print. off., not just typing & steno. Edit. MSS, theses, prepar. speeches, reports, library research, secret. for established writer/journalist. Box 660.

READ. well-educated lady, no special quals, sks part-time occupation. Box 612.

CHARTERED Accountant, 26, Christian Soc., sks satisfying post. Box 587.

7 years nursing has proved enough; new environment sought. Box 477.

YOUNG man, 20's, seeks employment in social service. Voluntary exp. mainly 25/60 age group disabled. Box 488.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Manchester. Hallsworth Research Fellowships. Applications are invited for the above Research Fellowships for advanced work in the field of Political Economy (including Public Administration). The value of the Fellowships will normally be within the range of £900-£1,900 per annum, according to experience and qualifications. Regulations governing the award of the fellowships may be obtained from the Registrar, The University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be sent not later than 25 March 1961.

STUDENTSHIPS & GRANTS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 28 February 1961 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further partics and forms of application may be obtained.

POSTGRADUATE Studentships in USSR 1961-62. Applications are invited for twenty scholarships for study at Soviet Universities for the academic year 1961-62. These awards are open to postgraduate students currently engaged in study or research at universities or equivalent institutions. Undergraduates now in their final year may be considered. Applicants must be of British nationality and have a working knowledge of the Russian language. Outline particulars and application forms, for which a stamped, self-addressed foolscap envelope should be sent, are obtainable from The British Council, 65 Davies Street, London, W1. Completed application forms must be returned to The British Council by 24 February 1961.

PERSONAL

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DANCING classes for children. Sat morns. Centre of Covent Gdn. Pat Britton, Member RAD & ISTD. TEMple Bar 3259.

SHAKESPEARE fanatic seeks Reading Group. Expd reader (m, 28). Kaplowitz, Flat D, 14-16 Draycott Place, SW3.

CAMPING at home or abroad. Hire a continental frame tent. Delivery and collection London area. Write Continental Camping Services, 51 Bushey Way, Beckenham, Kent.

PRIVATE tuition wanted: harmony, aural counterpoint. Hampstead. Box 481.

HEALTH and grace through rhythmic movement. Pat Britton, Member RAD & ISTD. Classes in Covent Gdn. TEM 3259.

PLAN 1961 Holidays Now! Take to the Water at Home and Abroad. Canoeing camping on the Wye from £8 10s. p.w. Rhône and Danube from £34 10s. for 16 days. Sailing, water-skiing, skin diving, and canoeing on the Côte d'Azur, in Suffolk and in Scotland. Rates are fully inclusive of equipment, meals, camping fees, etc. Illustrated Brochure and full information from PGL Holidays, 19 The Boat House, Letchworth, Herts.

INCREASE your income by introducing Life Insurance. Generous terms. For details write Box 676.

ITALIAN lessons needed to GCE 'O' level. Write stating rates: Box 696.

ATHENS via Venice by car, late July. Travelling companions sought. Share expenses. Box 475.

THIS summer let your child exchange hospitality 3-4 weeks with a French boy or girl. Congenial arrgmts. by Mrs. H. G. Robertson, 51 Rue de la Harpe, Paris 5e.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury, N1: Tavistock Repertory Company (London). Experienced actors and stage crews needed to meet an expanding programme of interesting plays. All non-professional. Auditions held monthly; apply Members' Secretary for Company details.

SUPPORT Fenner Brockway's Bill against Racial Discrimination and Join the National Council for Civil Liberties, 293 New King's Rd, SW6. REN. 2254.

TEENAGE Country Club provides ponies, pictures, tennis, dancing, and chaperonage for 7 gns a week. 30 March to 23 April and 23 July to 17 September. Write Holiday Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow. Phone 24511.

STAMMERING. Entirely new Therapy eradicates stammering 15/20 days. Accom. nr clinic. Fee conditional on successful treatment. Wm C. Kerr, MA, Speech Specialist, St Ouen, Jersey. Central 20957.

YOU prefer facts to prejudice. And you speak out against injustice wherever you find it. Your voice can help an oppressed minority against their enemy Ignorance. To learn how, send for the free booklet which supplies the facts and explains how your voice can help create an informed public opinion. The Secretary, Dept N.S.2., 27 Nassau Street, London, W1.

BEDWETTING stopped! Units widely used in hospitals now offered at popular price. Sentinal Equipment Co., Dept ST, 38 Bow Lane, London, EC4.

MR M. DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel. HOL. 8193).

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish Street, W1. Booklet sent. Also Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

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TECHNICAL Writing and Translation for all branches of Science and Industry – Cambridge Consultants Ltd, 1a Park Street, Cambridge. Cambridge 52757 or CHA. 3588.

MADRIGAL Singers & Pianists: 24-27 Feb. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also Tutors & Students Conference'.

AUTHORS under 30: short story competition. First prize £50; second £30; third £20. Send entries, limit 5,000 words, by 1 March 1961 to 'Transatlantic Review', Flat One, 33 Ennismore Gardens, London, SW7. Mark envelopes 'Short Story Competition' and send s.a.e. for return.

THE Allied Circle seeks to contact Londoners willing to lodge Commonwealth and Overseas Members. Please write to Peter van Aalst, The Allied Circle, 46 Green Street, W1 for details.

PERSONAL—continued

NORWEGIAN lessons reqd by Englishman (35) from Norwegian living in London or West Kent. Richards, 10a High St, Tunbridge Wells.

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NORWEGIAN Furn. & Designs. Overgaard, 31 Connaught St, W2. AMB. 8209.

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GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CONWAY Hall. Available for Meetings, Concerts, Priv. theatricals; capacity 500, Dances 250. Excellent acoustics for recordings. Also sm Hall & Committee Rms. Apply: Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1.

WRITE for Profit with the Premier School of Journalism Ltd, (founded 1919), 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. If you haven't earned your fees by the time you've finished the course, you get your money back. Write to Dept 7 for free copy of 'You In Print' and details of Special Guarantee. Free market service available to students.

LAND Value Rating would cut average domestic rate demand, check speculation and cheapen land, promote development, safeguard Green Belts, reduce house rents and prices and collect part of the socially-created fund which belongs to the community. Details: Rating Reform Campaign, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Ldn, SW1.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq KEN 7201. Club attached

MRS P. Perlow, psychologist, 89 Somerton Rd, Cricklewood, NW2. GLA. 2400

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

HUMANISTS accept the brotherhood of all men, reject the idea of the supernatural; work for better human conditions. Write Ethical Union (Pres. Sir Julian Huxley), 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

MENTAL tonic. Send for free brochure of 'Short-cut' Success Course. Invaluable to everyone. 'Success', 2 Bank Chambers, Penn Hill, Parkstone, Dorset.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N) Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent.

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MIDHURST district. A quiet country holiday off beaten track, no traffic, no crowds. Putting, billiards, Badminton. AA, RAC. 4 acres grounds. Southdown Hotel, Trotton, nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

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OLD Vienna,' Ovingdean, Brighton. The friendliness and warm hospitality of an Alpine châlet. Viennese proprietress welcomes children and pets. Moderate family terms. Phone: Rottingdean 2426.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

FARM holiday on Paradise Island surrounded by sea, for tranquillity and enchantment, away from the crowds. Mod. terms. Ideal for naturalists. Boat trips can also be arranged to visit other Islands. Broch. on request, s.a.e. Davies, Ramsey Island, St Davids, Pembs.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

ASCERTAINMENT of ESN Children and Play Therapy with Mentally Defective Children are two of the topics dealt with in the latest issue of 'Forward Trends', quarterly journal of the Guild of Teachers of Backward Children, available now, 2s. 6d. (post free) from 1 Lincoln Court, Chinbrook Road, London, SE12.

THE following are the contents of February Plebs: 'The Belgian Strike', by Paul Tofahrn; 'Budget Juggling', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'The Crossroads of Western Europe', by Graham Horsman; 'This Wicked World', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Safety at Work', by John L. Williams, LLB; 'Momentous Changes in Tanganyika', by Arthur Skeffington, MP; 'What is Africa Year – III'; 'An Outline of Economic Geography', by J. F. Horrabin; Pars from the Press; New Books; NCLC News; Plebs is 6d.; by post 8d. or 7s. 6d. a year from the NCLC, Tillicoultry.

PARLIAMENTARY (House of Commons) Debates: We invite offers for Fourth Series: Volumes 88, 92, 94-96, 100, 109, 111, 113-116, 135, 137, 147-151, 183; Fifth Series: Volumes 3, 8, 9, 15-16, 20, 29, 132, 169, 177-178, 358, 363-366, 371-376, 378-385, 389, 399, 402-405. Box 621.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.240

UNITED Nations Association, Chelsea Branch, 36 Lower Sloane St., SW1. Monday 13 Feb. at 8 p.m.: UNO in South America, by Miss I. Dorell-Waters from the Bank of London and South America.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 12 Feb., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Radical Defects in Western Democracy': M. L. Burnet.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Miss Sylva Norman: Charlotte Brönte and the Professors. 8.30. Fri. 17 Feb. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Wed. 15 Feb., 6.30 p.m. 'How Men Seek God in Different Religions': U. Maung Maung Ji.

SUFI Society: Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, WC2. Mon. 13 Feb. 7 p.m. Sufi Philosophy & Sufis. All welc. Inf. PARk 9356.

HARROW 'Newsletter' public meeting. G. Healy speaks on the Labour Party crisis and the fight for Socialist policies. 'The Case is Altered' (Hotel), Wealdstone High St, Fri. 17 Feb. 7.45 p.m.

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LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Phases of Style and Language in the Works of Ibsen' will be delivered by Professor T. Knudsen (Oslo) at 5.30 p.m. on 20 and 27 February at University College (Gustave Tuck Theatre), Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'European Expansion in the New World' will be delivered by Dr S. Zavala (Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on 20 and 21 February at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Adm free, without tkt. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

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NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 8 May to 15 Sept. 1961. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

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SCHOOLS

PARENTS requiring detailed and up-to-date information on schools and careers for boys should consult 'The Public and Preparatory Schools Year Book 1961'. This is the official reference book of the Headmasters' Conference and of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, and is obtainable from A. & C. Black Ltd, 4 Soho Square, London, W1, and all booksellers. 25s. net (26s. 9d. including postage).

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